

RAIL LIFE

**A BOOK
OF YARNS**

PRICE

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BY

ALFRED PRICE



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By ALFRED PRICE

THOMAS ALLEN
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Preface

IN presenting to the public this collection of railway yarns it is deemed wise to forewarn the reader that he may find among them some which he may regard as hoary "chestnuts." They have been gathered from many sources. Largely they are yarns which have passed up and down "the Line," told with gusto where-soever two or three merry C.P.R. men have met together. They enshrine the memory of a hundred and one interesting or odd characters whom this great railway system has gathered to itself in the decades since its glittering lines of steel were first stretched across the Continent. To the publishers of the many newspapers, magazines and other publications which have been drawn upon to brighten these pages grateful acknowledgment of involuntary aid is hereby made. They will hardly object to the missionary range of their contributions to the common stock of cheerfulness being thus extended.

A. PRICE.

Just a Word

THERE is no one more capable than my good friend Alfred Price to write and collect stories of "RAIL LIFE." The greater part of his lifetime has been spent in railroading—some forty-three years—and through his own outstanding abilities and genial personality he had climbed from the lowest rung of the ladder—that of telegraph messenger—to the commanding position of General Manager of the Eastern Lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. He retired only two and a half years ago owing to ill-health.

During his connection with the Canadian Pacific, and earlier with the Credit Valley Railway Company, which was absorbed by the C. P. Ry. Co., he became one of the most valued and popular of officials. Everybody from the section-men to the highest rank acknowledged his many estimable qualities of head and heart, and he was held equally in high esteem and affection by the general public as by his fellow-workers.

In this unpretentious volume he gives a striking picture of railroading in the early days, which will recall pleasant memories of the Old Guard and be of the deepest interest to the rising generation.

GEORGE H. HAM.

Montreal, 1925.

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THROUGH the gorge that gives the stars at noon-day clear—

Up the pass that packs the scud beneath the wheel—
Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom sheer—
Down the valley with our guttering brakes a-squeal;
Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,
Where the many shedded levels loop and twine,
Hear me lead my reckless children from below
Till we sing the song of Roland to the pine,

With my "Tinka—tinka—tinka—tinka—tink!"
(Oh, the axe has cleared the mountain croup and crest!)
So we ride the iron stallions down to drink
Through the canyons to the waters of the West.

—From RUDYARD KIPLING'S, *The Song of the Banjo* in "*Seven Seas*." (Methuen & Co.)

A NUMBER of the Canadian Pacific Passenger Department officials had a little supper in Montreal some years ago in honor of one of their friends who had recently been given a promotion. Naturally that genial soul, George Ham, was present, and on the following day he met on the street one of the party who had not yet recovered from the effects of the former night's revelling. After describing his own condition as "rotten," he asked George how he felt. The latter

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gravely replied, "When I first got up this morning I felt a wee bit dull, not to say heavy. But I took a couple of glasses of Koka Kola, a long drink of lemonade, a dose of Mother Winslow's Soothing Syrup, a few of Lydia Pinkham's pills and a good glass of brandy, and I never felt better in my life than I do now." "Well, George," said the friend, "you must have a wonderful constitution." To this George replied with enthusiasm, "I have indeed a wonderful constitution, but you ought to see my by-laws."

WHEN David McNicoll was General Manager he noticed while on an inspection trip in New Brunswick that there was a great deal of metal scrap lying about, and immediately he began a thorough search of a certain terminal yard where the line of demarcation between the Canadian Pacific and private property was not clearly defined. He was in his usual good fighting form when things were not right, and the General Superintendent was under a perfect fusillade of abuse in good broad Scotch as the party, which included many officials, passed from one part of the yard to another. Finally they drifted into a blacksmith shop, and the "old man" lit into the blacksmith with, "Why is it ye do not send your scrop into the stores? What are ye doing wi' all the surplus mater-rial ye have around here? What is this——." Here the blacksmith interrupted his fluency to tell him he might go

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to a place the road to which was well paved, and that it was "none of his d— business." Just then W. K. Thompson, the Divisional Superintendent, spoke up and, greatly to the General Manager's discomfiture, informed him that this particular shop was beyond the Company's right-of-way and was private property!

TWENTY odd years ago, when the passing tracks on the line between Toronto and Havelock would not accommodate a train of more than fifty cars and a locomotive, instructions were in effect that the length of trains would be limited accordingly. One night Billy Mitchell arrived at Havelock with a full train and an additional car coupled to and trailing behind the caboose, its west end draw-bar being in a damaged condition. When the car checker went over the train he naturally assumed there was something wrong with this car, but when he asked the conductor, Billy replied, "Divil a thing wrang with it, but there weren't no room fer ut 'tween th' engyne an' th' caboose, fer Oi had th' car limut a'ready!"

THERE could be no warmer friend and no more congenial spirit or lovable companion than William Stitt, General Passenger Agent of the C.P.R., who represented the Company in Winnipeg and Montreal and for several years in Sydney, Australia. He had

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a strong personality, was generous to a fault, and had a happy knack of making and keeping friends. A pleasant-faced Scotchman from Kirkcudbrightshire, which he always contended I could never pronounce properly, though I could—"Kirk-cu-brig-sheer"—he was happily described by a lady writer in one of the Australian papers upon leaving that country: "No man could possibly be as innocent as William Stitt looks." That was William to a "t." Full of Scotch wit, affable and pleasant spoken, he had gained the undying friendship of a host of friends, amongst whom was myself. Circumstances frequently brought us together in our work in Windsor Street Station and on the road. To tell all our experiences would require a volume by itself, but a few incidents should be recalled.

Once we were occupying a drawing-room on the C.P.R. train to Quebec. During the night I went to the toilet, and the opening of the door awakened him.

"What time is it, George?" he drowsily asked.

"It's 4.10, Weelum," I replied. I always called him "Weelum" after the character in "Buntz Pulls the Strings."

Weelum immediately resumed his slumbers, but I didn't, and after tossing around for half-an-hour or so I grabbed him by the hand—he was sleeping opposite me—and cried, "Weelum, Weelum, wake up!"

He accommodately did, and then I very seriously said to him: "Weelum, do you know that when I said it was 4.10 it wasn't. It was 4.15."

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"Oh, go to blazes, you old heathen, you. What did you want to wake me up for to tell me that?"

"Weelum, say, Weelum,"—but he would not listen to what I had to say.

Finally I managed to make him hear me, and I explained that I had been brought up by good God-fearing parents, who had admonished me never to go to sleep with a lie on my lips, and that my conscience wouldn't let me sleep until I had confessed my sin.

His unmistakable directions as to my immediate destination, which wasn't Quebec, were forcibly given, and to the sweet music of his impassioned declamation as to the innumerable varieties of a blithering idiot that I was I peacefully fell asleep, while his continued sarcastic remarks were rendered inaudible by the roar of the wheels.

—From *Reminiscences of a Raconteur*, by GEORGE H. HAM.
(The Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto).

JOE APPS, Art Calder, Frank Haney and Bob Larmour, all holding important official positions with the Canadian Pacific in Montreal, hie themselves off to the wilds of Northern Ontario in the late autumn every year for a little hunting. Joe's sense of direction is not well developed and in consequence he usually gets lost if he wanders off by himself. The experiment of firing off a rifle was tried, but the reverberations were

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found to be confusing, and to Joe the direction from which the sound originated was always uncertain. On his return to Montreal from the last expedition he was negotiating for the purchase of a locomotive bell, and told Larmour what he had in mind. His idea was to have it suspended near the camp, so that when he was wanted for a meal or any other purpose the cook could ring the bell until he made his appearance in camp. Bob had serious doubts as to the wisdom of the plan, because, as he pointed out, the cook had other important duties to perform, especially just before meals: "but," he added, "I think the best thing for you to do would be to buy a cowbell and hang it around your neck. Then when you are wanted, Joe, one of the party can go out and after finding you can drive you home."

PAT was employed on an engineering job a few miles out of the city, and was carried to his work by an express train, which accommodately slowed up near the scene of his labors. One morning, however, the train rushed through the cut without reducing speed, and the superintendent looked in vain for Pat. At last he saw a much battered Irishman limping down the ties and called to him, "Hello, Pat! where did you get off at?" Pat turned stiffly, and waving his hand toward the steep embankment sighed: "Och, all along here!"

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A PASSENGER worried the train crew all the way down the line about his trunk in the baggage-car. Everytime the conductor appeared in the coach he was accosted with the question, "Say, Con, is my trunk still all right?" After leaving Goosedump the conductor came in to collect transportation from a newly-arrived passenger, but as he was proceeding along the aisle for that purpose he was stopped by the uneasy individual, who, placing his hand upon his shoulder, told him that he was tremendously anxious that nothing should happen to his trunk, and again asked him if he was quite sure it would reach its destination in safety. As patience in the opinion of the conductor had long ceased to be a virtue, he retorted, "Oh, I wish you were an elephant instead of an ass; then you would have your trunk with you!"

THREE men, unknown to each other, were fellow-passengers in a six-seated, non-smoking compartment in an English railway carriage. One of them took out his pipe and began to smoke. A protest was immediately made by one of the others, but his objections were absolutely ignored, which greatly angered him. He continued to protest and went so far as to insinuate that the smoker was no gentleman, and to threaten to report him to the guard. But hints, requests, taunts, and threats drew never a word from the offender. At last the objector brought the guard, and said, "Guard,

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this person,—I regret that I cannot call him a gentleman,—persists in violating the Railway's regulations notwithstanding the strongest possible protests from me, to whom the fumes of tobacco are most distasteful, and I must ask you, therefore, to enforce the rules of your employers." The guard told the other that he must not smoke in that compartment. "Very well," he replied, "but I think you will find that this gentleman with the sensitive constitution is not entitled to ride here at all." The guard asked to see the latter's ticket, and upon its production, finding that he held third-class accommodation, sent him with his luggage forward. After his departure the third passenger, who had remained a silent but interested listener, said, "Most amusing episode! and to think he was holding a third-class ticket and riding 'first-class!' But, sir, I am curious to learn how you knew that he held a third-class ticket." "Oh," replied the man, "I happened to see it sticking out of his waistcoat pocket, and observed that it was the same color as my own."

AN Irishman entered the office of the President of the Illinois Central Railroad and said, "Me name, it be Terence Casey. Oi wurrick in the car-r yar-rds, an' Oi want a pass to Saint Louey."

"What kind of a way is that to ask for a pass?" asked the President. "You should wipe your boots off on the door mat out in the hall, knock at the door, and

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when told to come in you should remove your cap, enter, and close the door behind you. You should then say, 'Mr. President,' and proceed with your request, telling me why you should be given a pass. And now, Casey," continued the President, "just step outside again and let me see how well you have learnt the lesson."

Casey passed through the door, wiped his boots off, doffed his cap, re-entered and closed the door, and facing the President said, "Mr. Prsident, me name, it be Casey. I be a puir har-rd wurrickin' man employed in yer car-r departmint. A tiligr-ram be jist arrived announcin' the sarious illness o' me dear ol' motther in Saint Looey." At this point Casey stopped, when the President said, "Now, Casey, that's very much better, but have you nothing else to say?" Casey, drawing himself up, replied, "Yis, jist wan thing, and that is to till ye yiz can go plump to h—"

—*St. Louis Democrat.*

A MEETING of officers of the entire C.P.R. system was held in Winnipeg in July of 1916 with the two-fold object of exchanging views on a number of railway subjects and of affording an opportunity for men from various portions of the Company's lines to meet and become acquainted with one another.

The establishment of a school by the Company, in which employees would be given instruction in the

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various branches of railway work, was being advocated. The idea did not appeal to "Billy" Lanigan, and he made an eloquent speech in which he ridiculed the suggestion. "Tell me," he said, "in what school did Lord Shaughnessy learn his railroading? In what school did George Bury qualify for the exalted position he holds with this Company? In what school did our Chairman, C. E. E. Ussher, and the other men who have held in the past and who are now holding responsible official positions, acquire the scientific railway knowledge the application of which has gained for the Canadian Pacific such an enviable reputation for efficiency? In what school? In the school of experience, and in no other. In order to learn railroading you must railroad. Most of those who are listening to my voice here have been attending this school ever since they were boys. I entered the service of this Company away back in 1884 as a night operator at Sharbot Lake, Ont.,——" "Yes, and a bum operator you were," interrupted the official who was the night train dispatcher on the same line at the time referred to. "I may have been a bum operator," was the ready retort, "but I worked under the bummiest train dispatcher that ever issued a train order!"

BEFORE automatic car-couplers were invented, and when in order to couple cars together trainmen had to get in between them and make the coupling with iron links and pins, incurring considerable risk in the

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operation, one poor fellow was so unfortunate as to lose one finger after another until he had little left on one hand but a row of stumps. After the last accident, and when the wound had healed, he reported to the trainmaster. He admitted that having donated all the fingers of one hand to the railway company he could no longer manipulate a pin and link, but suggested that there might be some other work at which he might be employed. The trainmaster unfeelingly told him that he knew of nothing he could do except that he might be able to recommend a successor, when the poor chap said, "Well, boss, there's a fellow over in the blacksmith's shop who has fourteen fingers; he might last a little longer than I did!"

AFTER William Gibbs McAdoo resigned his position in the Wilson Cabinet and the administration of the railroads of the United States passed from under his control, the following clever bit of satire was given wide publicity amongst railroad men:

The Who, pre-eminently Who,
Is William Gibbs, the McAdoo,
(Whom I should like to hail, but daren't,
As Royal Prince and Heir Apparent),
A Man of high Intrinsic Worth,
The Greatest Son-in-Law on Earth,
With all the burdens thence accruing,
He's always up and McAdooing
From Sun to Star and Star to Sun—
His work is never McAdone.

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He regulates our Circumstances—
Our Buildings, Industries, Finances,
Our Railways, while the wires buzz
To tell us what he McAdoes.
He gave us (Heaven bless the giver!)
The tubes beneath the Hudson River.
I don't believe he ever hid
A single thing he McAdid.
His name appears on Scrip and Tissue,
On Bonds of each successive Issue,
On Coupons bright and Posters rare,
And every Pullman Bill-of-Fare.

POSTSCRIPT

But while with sympathetic Croodlings,
I sing his varied McAdoodlings,
And write these Eulogistic Lines
That thankless McAdoo resigns!
(Please let me add this word to you:
Now William Gibbs is McAdieu!!!)

HARRY B. SPENCER, the veteran Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific, a few years ago invited Billy Snell, Arthur Calder and Bob Larmour to a fishing trip. Arriving at Blue Sea Lake, up in the Gatineau valley, one fine day in May, they got away to an early start, and went from one spot to another, places where trout were known to abound, but without getting a single nibble all morning. Harry was simply disgusted, because he could not forget the assurances he had given his guests that if only they would come and spend the day with him he would guarantee them a great

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day's catch. However, he reasoned that there was the whole afternoon before them yet, and because the wary trout refused to be inveigled out of his natural element this was no reason why the bass should not be more obliging. He announced therefore that they would visit the haunts of the bass in the afternoon, and that they might confidently expect some luck. But although they fished in all the favorite spots and employed all the arts known to wily Izaak Walton, they were not one whit more successful than in the morning.

That evening Billy Snell asked the disappointed host if he had ever done any skillitt fishing, but when informed that Harry had never so much as heard that there was such a fish, he proceeded to enlighten him by saying, "Skillets are to be found in some of the lakes in the northern part of New York. There is only one method by which they may be caught. One must get a flat-bottomed boat, bore an inch and a half hole through the bottom and insert a tight-fitting plug in it. Upon arriving at the desired spot some crumbled gorgonzola cheese is spread over the plug and scattered round the hole. Then the plug is withdrawn, and the skillitts, having a keen sense of smell, surround the hole and seek to follow the plug. The first one to insert his head stops the inrush of water, and the fisherman, who is on the alert, snaps a rubber band around his neck and chokes him to death."

Spencer assumed the blindest expression possible, questioned Snell impressively and in the most innocent way, and then, after some meditation, said in his most

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serious manner, as he looked into the other's eyes, "I don't believe it!"

The next day the three Montreal officers were back home, and one of them sent the following effusion to Harry:

"The Fisherman riseth up early in the morning and disturbeth the whole household.

"Mighty are his preparations.

"He goeth forth full of hope.

"When the day is far spent he returneth smelling of strong drink, and the truth is not in him!"

WHEN Sudbury was only a new mining town, Billy Martin, who is now an official of the Canadian Pacific at Vancouver, was sent there in the capacity of railway agent. He was told that if he should ever meet Jim Lansey to be sure and ask him if he had ever been in a battle.

Jim was Provincial constable at Algoma Mills, and the opinion of those who knew him was that, although he had never been engaged in a military conflict, yet he had told his story so often that he had come to believe it as true and resented any reference to it which reflected upon his veracity in the matter.

Late one night, while Martin was working on his ticket report and all was quiet save for the frogs that were holding forth in the adjoining slough, footsteps approached, followed by a knock at the ticket window.

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He arose from his chair cautiously, and upon opening the window was relieved to find that a big good-natured Irish face was to be seen, the proud possessor of which greeted him with, "How the divil are ye?" "Faith, not too bad. Who may you happen to be?" said Billy. The reply shewed him that no less a personage than Jim Lansey himself was on the other side of the wicket, and he thereupon invited him to come in.

After discussing current events in the neighborhood Billy mustered up courage to look his companion in the eye and ask, "Were you ever in a battle, Jim?" The latter rose to his feet, struck an attitude, thumped himself on the chest and exclaimed, "Wuz Oi iver in a battle? Wuz Oi iver in a battle? Sure and wasn't Oi in the battle of Tel-el-kaber? Ginerel Wolsey was in command, a'roidin' about on his big whoite harse an' swapin' de horizon wid his glasses. De battle were ragin' and jest at that moment Oi sthumbled an' fell. Wid d'hat de Gineril, he gallops down the loines till he comes wid-din hailin' dishtance ov me an' he ups wid his big thrumpet an' croies, 'Halt! are ye hurted, Carpurel Lansey?' sez he. 'Divil a hurt,' sez Oi. 'Tank gad!' sez he; 'let de battle go on!' sez he."

FINLEY PETER DUNNE, in one of his clever, amusing sketches, has Mr. Dooley describe to Mr. Hennessy a trip he made to St. Louis, Mo., and return to Chicago. His account of the purchase of his rail-

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road ticket and Pullman berth accommodation; the row of uniformed officials to whom he had to present his ticket and by whom it was punched until it resembled nothing so much as a porous-plaster; his interview with the Pullman porter; his ascent to the upper berth, and the difficulties he encountered there in disposing of his clothes for the night—all are told in Dooley's inimitable way. And then he concludes in some such language as the following:

"That wan thrip to Saint Looey was enough fer me, Hennessy. If iver I again have an insatiable desire to go there, I'll jes' clime up on th' panthry shilf, sthick a cinder in me oye, an' thr-row a foor dollar bill out iv the window."

A WOMAN whose life had been spent in a rural section of the country had occasion to visit a relative living at a distance. Before going to the city to take her train she had been warned not to trust strange men who might mislead her. As she stood on the station platform a railway official in uniform approached her and asked where she was going. Keeping in mind the advice she had received she replied, "To Norwich." "Ah," said the obliging official, "this is the train for Norwich." As the train moved out the woman thrust her head out of the window and shouted: "Ha! ha! this is where I fool you! I'm going to Gloucester!"

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OLD Bill Nix had worked in the accounting department of an English railway for sixty-five years, during which time he had seen some great changes and had worked for scores of different officers. The Vice-President had known Bill for over forty years, and while appreciating his ability and faithfulness during his long service, he believed it would be in the interest of the Railway to put a younger man in his place. So, calling Bill into his office, he told him he thought he had well earned a rest from his arduous duties performed for such a long period of time with exemplary devotion, and that it had been decided to relieve him at the end of the month with a superannuation allowance which would almost equal his salary, in order that he might enjoy the remaining years of his life in doing those things which would give him the greatest pleasure. The old fellow looked somewhat dazed for a moment and then entered a vigorous protest against what he characterized as hasty, unwarranted action, adding, "I never would have accepted the post in the first place had I not been given to understand that it would be a permanent position!"

A PASSENGER on a night train, destined to a station at which the train was due to arrive at six o'clock in the morning, before retiring told the porter to call him at five-thirty, and to be sure that he got off

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at the right station. "I'll be dead to the world at that hour," he said, "and am apt to be a bit impatient and even quarrelsome when aroused from sound sleep, but no matter what I may say or do, be sure that I do not pass my station." When morning came the luckless traveller found himself many miles beyond his destination. Approaching the porter he rated him soundly for not waking him. "Why," cried the bewildered porter, "you suah am making as much fuss as de gem-man I done put off de train at six dis mauhning."

—*Toledo Blade.*

ON a visit of inspection in the West, accompanied by one of his co-directors, Sir William Van Horne took as his guest Sir William Peterson, then Principal of McGill University, and during the trip, according to Prof. James Mavor in his interesting book, "My Window on the Street of the World," published by J. M. Dent & Sons, the following incident took place:

At Lethbridge, Alberta, there is a curious formation of soft clay which contains hard concretions, sometimes assuming fantastic shapes. One of these concretions had found its way to the office of the station agent at Lethbridge, and it attracted the attention of Van Horne. It bore a curious resemblance to the head of an Indian. "Is this of any use? Will you give it to me?" Van Horne said to the agent.

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"Certainly." "Will you have it wrapped carefully up and put in my car?"

After the train had started Van Horne told Sir William Peterson that the head of a fossil man had been found near Lethbridge, and that the finder had insisted upon its being offered for Sir William Peterson's inspection with the hope that it might be purchased by McGill University.

Peterson: "Nonsense, there is no such thing as a fossil man."

Van Horne: "I don't know anything about that. All I know is that the thing looks like the head of a man; but whether it is worth anything or not I have not the least idea."

Peterson: "Well, anyway, let us see it."

The specimen was unwrapped, and Peterson reaffirmed that a fossil man was an impossibility and therefore that the head of one could not be found. Van Horne manoeuvred the specimen in such a way that Peterson was likely to knock it off the table if he moved his arm. He did make a movement, and the specimen fell on the floor of the car, breaking into numerous fragments.

Van Horne: "Well, well, that ends the dispute. There is no more to be said about it."

Peterson: "I think so," and, gathering up the fragments, he threw them out of the window.

A few hours afterwards a telegram was handed to Van Horne, who read it, took a significant glance at

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Peterson, and then crumpled up the message and threw it in the waste-basket.

Peterson: "Why did you look at me like that? May I ask did that message concern me in any way?"

Van Horne: "It was nothing of importance."

Peterson: "In that case do you mind my looking at it?"

Van Horne: "If you must you may."

Peterson picked up the message and read: "The owner of the fossil head delivered to you for submission to Sir William Peterson asks fifty thousand dollars for it from McGill University. If Sir William does not desire to purchase it, please have it returned to this station without delay."

Here was a quandary. The alleged fossil head had to be paid for to the tune of fifty thousand dollars or returned, and it was distributed in uncollectable fragments somewhere on the Canadian Pacific Railway line east of Lethbridge.

Van Horne: "Well?"

Peterson: "Better leave it to me to deal with. The thing is an odious fraud."

Peterson then drafted a telegram, which was dispatched to Lethbridge:

"Principal Peterson says that the specimen submitted to him is not the head of a fossil man, as this is impossible; but he says also that if the body to which the head belongs is found, and if it is proved to be a genuine fossil man, a substantial sum will be paid for it by McGill University."

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Two days later Van Horne handed Peterson a telegram which had just been delivered to him. It was from Lethbridge.

"The body of the fossil man to which the head belongs had been found. The head must be returned or a guarantee given that fifty thousand dollars will be paid within a reasonable time."

This very disturbing message threw not only Principal Peterson but other members of the party into great excitement. Van Horne came to the rescue saying, "I will answer this myself."

He wrote the following telegram to the agent at Lethbridge station:

"Presume that owner of alleged fossil man is employé of C.P.R. It will be to his advantage to go no farther in affair. Principal Peterson repudiates responsibility and denounces what he regards as attempted imposture."

To this telegram there came, in a few hours, the following reply:

"Owner of fossil man not now employé of C.P.R. Resigned some time ago after dispute with the Company. Annoyed at accusation of imposture, he is now determined to prosecute his claim, and on the ground of Principal Peterson's offer, as per his telegram, will sue for the amount named."

Van Horne drew one of his fellow-directors aside and said to him, "Principal Peterson has got himself into a hole. Still, he is our guest and we cannot allow

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him to suffer. You and I will have to meet this claim. I will give twenty-five thousand and you will give the other twenty-five thousand. It would not do to have him worried over a trifle like this."

This proposal produced consternation so real that Van Horne disclosed that the telegrams had all been concocted in the car and that the affair was a joke.

THE GOLDEN BARS

THE bars, the bars, the golden bars,
Worn by the cons to the shiny cars!
They decorate the con's left arm,
And every Reuben off the farm
Must ask the con just how it is
He got those golden bars of his.
So, Reuben, you I must inform
Why golden bars the sleeve adorn
Of all the cons who have a run.
They point to faithful service done,
And every five years, I believe,
Another bar goes on the sleeve.
But the travelling public cannot see
How some have one and others three,
So just to put the public right
About the question, I'll recite
Some of the things that I heard said
About the golden bars of braid.
One popular con upon the road
Wears on his left arm quite a load;

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More than the rest he has a few,
For being a con since forty-two;
And yet he does not look so old
To have so many bars of gold.
And there is one who they say,
Because he looked like Laurier,
Wore on his uniform of blue
A lot of bars;—but that's not true,
'Tis for his service dating back
When trains ran on a wooden track.
Another one whom we all know
Got his for one time shovelling snow.
Long years ago, so runs the tale,
He fought a snow-storm at Stardale.
'Tis said that other ones we meet
Got theirs for buying Sheldon's wheat,
And some got theirs for owning farms,
And some for telling funny yarns,
Some for their knowledge of first-aid,
Some others for the bulls they made;
Some for things they thought they knew,
Or things they thought they ought to do;
Some got theirs for making noise
Away from home out with the boys;
Some for their deals in Western lands
They got their little golden bands.
Thus from Vancouver to St. John
On every train you travel on,
Or from old Mexico to Maine,
You'll see each uniform the same
Decorated with a bar or two
Of golden braid on sleeve of blue.
Restrain your curiosity
About the golden bars you see;
Refrain from asking every con
How many bars he should have on;

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For if you ask, as like as not,
Each one will say he has not got
One half the bars that he deserved
For all the faithful years he served.

—FRED MACDONALD.

THE following notice was found posted in a railway roundhouse :

"I find it has been the practice to allow engines to stand in front of the passenger depot while eating. This practice must be discontinued at once; it not only creates a great deal of noise, but smokes the station badly.

_____, *Superintendent.*"

SHORTLY after the death of Jim Brownlee, who served the Canadian Pacific as superintendent on a number of the divisions in Western Canada, Roadmaster Tim Riordan and Bridge and Building Master Dan McTaggart were riding with the General Superintendent over the line from Edmonton to Calgary. Tim had always been an admirer of Brownlee's, and felt his death very keenly. On this occasion he was telling of his many sterling qualities, and became quite eloquent in enumerating his virtues. Dan thought he was overdoing it, and having in mind Brownlee's nationality, and wishing to hear Tim admit that he

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had known at least one good Scotchman, interrupted the flow of oratory to ask if Mr. Brownlee was an Irishman, and quick as a flash he received the answer, "He was not an Irishman; he was the awnly white Scotchman ivir Oi knew!"

A "BOOMER" brakeman was called to give testimony in a rear-end smash-up, when the following conversation took place:

Superintendent: I understood you were the front end trainman. Please tell me in your own language just how this terrible accident occurred.

Brakeman: Well, boss, it was like this way: The tallow-pot was bustin' the diamonds; the hog-head was squirtin' oil on the pig; the con was in the dog-house flippin' the tissues, and the back shack was in the middle freezin' a red hot.

Superintendent: And where were you?

Brakeman: Me? Oh, I was ahead bendin' the rails!

BEFORE W. R. Callaway went to the Soo Line as General Passenger Agent he was with the Canadian Pacific as District Passenger Agent in his native city of Toronto. It was at that period that he began to earn a reputation as an advertising man of great

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originality. He always had difficulty in keeping his advertising account within the appropriation allowance, and every time he was criticized for exceeding it he resented the criticism and intimated that he was ready to step out and give way to someone who would be more satisfactory. David McNicoll, who was the head of the Passenger Department, understood Bill pretty well and appreciated him. He saw the humor of the situation and usually filed away or destroyed the correspondence. But as the traffic grew, an Assistant Passenger Agent was appointed, who, not knowing that the habit of over-running the appropriation was a little habit of Bill's for which he had already often been criticized, wrote him the first time it occurred after his appointment demanding an explanation, which was answered by Bill tendering his resignation. The receiver, greatly disturbed, carried it to the "old man" and expressed his deep regret that Callaway had taken his letter so much to heart. Mr. McNicoll said, "Jest leave it with me, Ro-bert," and when he withdrew from the room he returned it after having turned over the corner and writing on it, "Dear Bill: Please address all your resignations to me! D. McN."

ROADMASTER Jerry Riordan's secretary was an Oxford graduate, and at times, much to Jerry's dislike, he embellished the letters to which the

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Roadmaster's signature was to be affixed with Latin quotations. The last straw came in a letter placed before Jerry to be signed in which appeared the words *esprit de corps*. When Jerry saw this he jumped to his feet and shouted, "Phwat th' devil do ye mane be talking iv carpus in a letther to thrackmin, besaychin' thim to exercise akonomy in th' use iv materyials, an' to do their dumdest to further th' intrists iv th' Canajian Pacific, th' road for which they be wurrukin' an' arnin' brid an' butther for thimsilves an' their large wives an' small families? Afther this let it be dishtinctly undthersthood that I'll have no more Latin phrases in anny iv my letthers at thirty-sivin dollars an' fifty cints a month."

H. P. TIMMERMAN, the General Superintendent, was in session with a committee representing the Order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen in Toronto in 1902. The men were contending for a new clause in their working agreement with the Canadian Pacific to cover what the General Superintendent considered a contingency that would never occur during the lifetime of any member of the committee. The proposal reminded him of a woman who had a perfect craze for attending auction sales and buying all sorts of useless articles simply because they were cheap. One day a nice brass door-plate was knocked down to her, and that evening she

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showed it to her husband and told him proudly at what a ridiculously low price she had bought it. But inasmuch as the plate bore a Polish name which in no way corresponded with theirs, he questioned the utility of it. She justified the purchase, however, by saying, "Well, dear, the way I look at it is this: some day we may have a little daughter, and when she grows up she may marry a man by the name of Wizzykowski, and should that happen both she and her husband will be mighty glad to have this door-plate."

ONE of the genuine old-timers was in charge, as porter, of the Montreal-Winnipeg standard sleeping-car on the Imperial Limited. Amongst his passengers was a gentleman who informed him that he had a most important engagement in Winnipeg and wanted to get there the very worst way. Said the porter, "Well, sah, yuh shuh has made one gran' big mistake, cause ef yuh wants to git dar de ver' wust way, yuh shud orter agone by de odder line!"

AN engineer was giving evidence in a case in which a farmer was suing a railway company for damages due owing to one of his cows having been killed by a train.

The farmer's lawyer was heckling the engineer, and kept reverting to the pet question: "Now, tell me, was

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the cow on the track?" At last the engineer became angry, and answered the question in the following words: "Well, if you want me to tell you the real truth, the cow was bathing in the stream on the other side of the track. But the engine saw her, leaped off the rails, dashed over the bank, and landing right on top of the cow, strangled her to death without a word."

HOWARD LYNCH, who for a number of years was a Canadian Pacific locomotive engineer running out of Brandon, Manitoba, but is at present the Vice-President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, tells the following story about J. A. Macgregor, the Manager of the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway.

"'Wee Macgregor,' as his many friends all over the country call him, had been out fishing or engaging in some other favorite pastime, the effect of which was to give him a complexion of a blood-red hue. He also had been so unfortunate as to meet with a slight accident, resulting in a nasty cut across the bridge of his nose.

"H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was then making his first trip in Western Canada as Governor-General. His train was almost due to arrive at Brandon, where Mac held the position of Divisional Superintendent. The station platform and buildings were crowded with people who had gathered to do honor to His Royal

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Highness. The tracks and the island platform between them were being kept absolutely clear, and while the crowds were expectantly awaiting the arrival of the Royal train, the figure of a man loomed up at the end of the long island platform. It was Macgregor, resplendent in top hat, Prince Albert coat, grey gloves and tie, patent leather shoes, and with two strips of perfectly white court plaster in the form of a cross over his damaged nose, accentuating the redness of his face. As he came down the platform all eyes were focused upon him, and when the train pulled in no person of the vast assembly took the trouble to look at the Duke, but continued to follow the movements of Wee Macgregor, who turned out to be the real attraction of the day."

When this story was submitted to Mac for corroboration he gave an altogether different version of the incident, which, while interesting, was not at all equal to Howard's account.

THE branch line between Macleod and Calgary was laid on virgin soil, with nothing but clay for ballast, and a trip between the places named resembled nothing so much as a tempestuous sea voyage. One day, for some unknown reason, a passenger jumped off the train and sustained some slight injury, and as a result brought action against the Canadian Pacific Railway, employing "Paddy" Nolan, the well-known witty

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Calgary lawyer, as his counsel. At the trial Paddy called Collie MacNeil, the conductor in charge of the train, and every other member of the crew, to give evidence. All swore the train was travelling at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and that although some of the passengers appeared to be nervous, the plaintiff was the only person to jump. In his address the plaintiff's lawyer said, in his richest brogue: "Your Honor, I wish to call your attention to the fact, established by the members of the train crew, that the train from which my client jumped was running at twenty-five miles per hour, a most reckless rate of speed. You are familiar with the conditions of that branch of the railway, and I leave it to you to decide if he was not justified in jumping off rather than remaining aboard, thereby risking his life. In fact, was he not the only sensible man on the train?"

Judgment was given against the railway.

WILLIAM WHYTE, who served in various capacities on both the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways, and who, after he became Vice-President of the latter Railway, in charge of its Western lines, was knighted, was out in Vancouver one day many years ago, having with him one of his subordinate railway officers, who had never so much as seen the ocean before. While Mr. Whyte was busy the other officer was much interested in watching the ships arriving at and leaving the docks and was surprised when

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he visited the wharves in the afternoon, to find that the water was very much lower than when he saw it in the morning. He made inquiry of one of the men there as to where all the water had gone and was informed that it had drifted out with the tide. "The tide," said he, "what's the tide, and what causes it to act in such a manner?" His informant told him that it was due to the action of the moon. He was not convinced. On the contrary he thought his informant was trying to have some fun at his expense, and looking at him disdainfully, as who should say, "You can't pull my leg, young fellow," he turned and walked away. That evening after the train had left Vancouver Mr. Whyte asked him how he had put in the day, when he told him of the strange phenomenon he had witnessed and asked Mr. Whyte if he knew what was the cause. The latter replied, "Why, that is merely the tide, which is controlled by the action of the moon." Then the other, looking at him incredulously, said, "Mr. Whyte, was that fellow trying to stuff you, too?"

TERENCE DEMPSEY was section-man on a new piece of railway in the distant West. It was in the early days, when accidents were somewhat frequent. Terence had got leave to join an excursion to a neighboring town and was enjoying his holiday ride immensely, when all of a sudden his train met another, head on, in rounding a curve, and the impact was such

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as to toss Terence and some of his fellow-passengers into the air. Terence was a cool customer, and even this unexpected jolt did not altogether deaden his senses. As he was coming down earthward he noticed with concern that a prodigiously fat female fellow-passenger was coming down directly above him. One collision was enough for Terence for the one day. With all his might he shouted to the woman, "Switch off! Switch off, I say!" Back came the indignant reply, "Ye ould blaggard, ye, I lost my switch off goin' up!"

IN the summer of 1900 Richard Henry Dillingham was a railway officer in the mechanical department at Fort William, Ontario. He was a sturdy, forceful, capable Englishman, was bald save for an almost imperceptible fringe of closely cropped grey hair covering some of the organs classified by phrenologists as the social group.

One Sabbath morning in June the old gentleman, faultlessly attired in Prince Albert coat, silk hat, etc., walked into the little Episcopal church at Fort William leading his family to the Dillingham pew. It was one of those days when it would appear that "all the audibility of life had withdrawn itself."

The hour for starting the service had about arrived, the church being almost full of worshippers. All the windows were wide open, and that calm peculiar to the Sabbath pervaded the place. Then, in the far dis-

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tance, at first only faintly, could be heard a humming sound. It came from beyond Elevator "A," and drawing nearer and nearer, was recognized as a buzzing fly. Without doubt it was attracted by the sanctity of the place, for it came on direct towards the church and in through one of the windows. It had its exhaust wide open, and as it broke the sacred silence it sounded like an aeroplane.

After its entrance it began some circling peregrinations in search of a suitable parking place. Presently it espied the polished dome already described and continued its circulatory motions, each revolution bringing it nearer its destination. By this time every individual in the church was intensely interested in the designs of the intruder, and particularly when it became apparent where it expected to find a landing place. A few more revolutions followed, and then it came down with a dull buzzing upon the verdureless pate. But Dillingham's hand automatically moved upward at a slow pace and stopped at a point about six inches above where the enemy was resting. Then it swiftly descended, but not on the fly, for that agile insect was already on the wing, only to descend again as soon as it saw that the inviting expanse was once more clear.

The same thing happened a second time, greatly to the amusement of the audience, and then after a few more undulating and rotary motions the fly came to rest for the third time. Again the hand went up slowly and again descended with lightning-like rapid-

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ity, and Dillingham, who had forgotten where he was and had become oblivious to everything except the pestiferous insect, exclaimed in stentorian tones: "Got you now, you b——r!" The crowd simply shrieked, and the preacher, after making several unsuccessful attempts to carry on the service, was finally obliged to dismiss the congregation.

THE 'RALE' RAILROADERS ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC

(Adapted with apologies to J. Edward Hungerford.)

YOU will foind him on the section
Wid a spike and maul and bar-r-r,
And you'll foind he makes inspection
From a C.P. private car-r-r;
Makes no difference where you ramble
If you mate a railroad gang,
You can pretty nearly gamble
Thot you'll hear an Irish twang.

It's from him you buy a ticket,
And it's him that calls the thrane,
And you're hild up at the wicket
Be thot rollin' brogue again;
"Pass roight in, sor-r-r, to the left, sor-r-r,
Over there, thrack noomber eight,
Where yez see that granish loight, sor-r-r,"
And he lets you through the gate.

You will foind him tendin' switches,
And you'll foind him writin' cheques;
And you'll foind him diggin' ditches,
That an Oirishman inspects.

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He's a bossin' iv the station,
And he's clickin' iv the kays;
And he's makin' up the payroll
Wid officials' names loike thase:

McKinty, Maughan, O'Hara, Bourne,
Brennan, Hurson, Gilliland,
Tobin, Whalen, Bowen, Phelan,
Sullivan, Tim Riordan,
Dalton, Doolan, Bodkin, Cullen,
Landers, Altimas and Ryan,
Don't it stroike yiz all the Oir-rish
Fer promotion are-r-re in line?

Downey, O'Hearn, Gibbon, Mulkern,
Paddy Coakley, Cotterell,
Britt, McCallum, Burke, O'Connell,
Donnelly, Walsh, Butterell,
Moran, Coghlin, Sheahan, Cochlan,
Powers, Mick Malloy and Code,
Don't it saem as if the Oir-rish
Was the backbone iv the r-road?

Boyle, McConnell, Neal, McDonnell,
Keough, Collins, Flanagan,
Larmour, Haney, Dennis, Sweeny,
D'Alton Coleman, Lanigan,
Murphy, Kelly, Maharg, Scully,
Beatty, Shaughnessy and Pyne,
Don't yiz sae it is ould Oir-reland
Phwat is runnin' iv the line?

Note—The men whose names are given in the last three verses were actually holding official positions on the Canadian Pacific in 1920.

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ABOUT fifteen years ago there was a vacancy for a trainmaster at Macleod, Alberta, and the position was offered to and accepted by Ab. Harshaw, who at that time was punching tickets on the Canadian Pacific local train between Toronto and London. Ab was no featherweight, for although nicknamed Tiny, he was of mastodontic proportions, weighing between two hundred and fifty and three hundred pounds, and when anything happened to the rolling-stock along the line within his reach he was considered equal in power and efficiency to a whole wrecking outfit.

On his arrival at Macleod to assume his new duties, some of his friends who knew him in the East thought to discourage him at the outset by expatiating upon the ferocity of the winds for which that town was noted. They told of trains having been blown off the track, and box-car roofs torn away and carried by the force of the wind into the next county. They called his attention to all the boulders and field stone in sight being piled up against the fences and buildings, and attributed their position to a recent hurricane which had blown them there. The same hurricane had caught up a husky wolf-dog, hurled it up against the water tank near the station, and held it there until the poor thing had starved to death. Another cyclonic tempest blew so hard that it milked all the cows in the district, and as it approached near to Macleod it forced its way through the west bedroom window of Bill Henry's house, raised the mattress on which Bill and Mrs.

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Henry were sleeping, broke through the east window and deposited them and the mattress safely on the prairie about a quarter of a mile from the house. In this case, they explained, the neighbors, as soon as it was safe to venture forth, came to offer their help and their sympathy to Mrs. Henry, but she told them that as they were not hurt she had rather enjoyed the experience, because it was the first time she and Bill had been out together for ten years.

THERE once was a maid of West Ham
Who went for a ride in a tram.
The conductor's remark
When he saw her embark
Was "Your fare, Miss." She smiled, "Yes, I am."

WHEN Paddy Coakley was foreman of an extra gang this is the way he used to shout at his bunch of Italians when they were loading steel rails at West Toronto: "Lift it, ye divils, lift! Aw, ye make me sick! Lift, Oi say, lift! If ut was a dollar bill ye'd moighty soon lift it!"

AS an eighteen car immigrant train pulled up at a divisional station the station baggageman, who had a prodigiously large, badly inflamed nasal appendage, re-

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sembling in color and size a ripe tomato, stood on the station platform. As the crowd detrained for a few minutes' exercise, a young English chap accosted the baggageman with "Oh, sye, is there a public 'ouse abaht 'ere?" The baggageman told him that he was in a prohibition district and that no liquors were to be had. "Then, where do you get yours?" he asked, and when the baggageman told him he was a total abstainer he said, "Oh, come along, myte, if yer doan't drink w'y doan't yer tyke down yer soine?"

AN excitable French-Canadian officer connected with the supply department of the Canadian Pacific some years ago was attending a meeting of operating men. He complained that he was having difficulty in obtaining scrap rails from the different subdivisions of the line. The General Superintendent suggested that he should write letters to the various divisional superintendents telling them how important the matter was, when he shouted, "Write dem letter?" and he pounded the table, "I'm say, write dem letter? If I hav' wrote dem t'irteen letter I hav' wrote dem one!"

ONE day, many years ago, one of the present prominent C.P.R. traffic officers was occupying the important position of stamp-licker, and George Hodge was his next senior in rank in the office of the Vice-

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President, the incumbent then being Lord Shaughnessy (at that time plain Mr. Shaughnessy). The stamp-licker was seated close to and facing the window, while George was at his desk near the door, which gave access to the Vice-President's office. It was about two o'clock and the other clerks had not yet returned from lunch, but the Vice-President returned a little earlier than usual and entering the general office, walked over to chief clerk George Cantlie's desk and began examining some papers there. The other boy, who heard him, thought it was George who was walking about, and said, "Say, George, there are some very funny people around this office." He waited for a few moments, and there being no response he repeated, "I say, there are some very funny people around this office, George." As there was still a dead silence instead of the expected comment, he looked around and was covered with confusion when he realized why George had so suddenly become dumb. As the Vice-President withdrew George enjoyed the slight twinkle he detected in his eye.

TRACK motor No. 99, an automobile with wheels altered and steering apparatus made rigid so as to make it suitable for inspection purposes, was up on the Ontario lines of the Canadian Pacific, and in addition to the General Manager, Engineer Maintenance of Way A. C. Mackenzie, General Superintendent Horace

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Grout, and Roadmaster Paddy Coakley, Dr. William Reilly, of Montreal, was along. The car was put on a siding at noon while the party opened up a hamper and partook of lunch. Reilly had noticed something rattling under the car just before the last stop was made and enquired what was the cause, when Mac, who thought the speed had been a little too fast, told him that there was a music-box attached to the motor and so adjusted that it became operative only upon the car attaining a speed of fifty miles per hour, when it automatically played, "Nearer, my God to Thee!"

AFTER the historic event of driving the "last spike" on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, thus actually linking and binding together the varied scattered Provinces of Canada which had been brought into political union eighteen years previously, there was some exceptionally original and effective advertising done, much of which "Bill" Callaway, then the District Passenger Agent at Toronto, was responsible for. Following is an illustration.

Callaway had inserted in the Toronto local newspapers a notice inviting the public to call at his office on the following day to inspect the "wonderful unicycle, which had played such an important part in the record time-breaking construction of the Canadian Pacific across the Continent."

The spacious offices at 112 King Street West were

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besieged on the following morning by people of every class, and as soon as all the available space was taken up, Bill, in his shirt-sleeves, emerged from a little back room pushing a muddy old wheelbarrow. It was April Fool's Day, and although feeling a bit ruffled at first, most of the victims appreciated the joke and hastened away to urge their friends on no account to fail to see the "marvellous implement."

OLEY LARSON and Johnny Olson were so deep in conversation as they tramped along the ties of a transcontinental railway that they entirely forgot that their pathway was not altogether free from danger. All of a sudden Oley realized that a fast-moving train was close upon them, and he had barely time enough to jump clear of the iron monster. After the train had whizzed by he saw no sign of Johnny. For a moment he stood dumbfounded, then, walking slowly forward, he beheld signs of blood, then a severed arm, some remnants of clothing, and over near the fence a dismembered leg. Misery and despair were in his voice as he said, "Yumping Yupiter, ay ban tank somet'in' musta 'appened to Yonny!"

BEFORE the construction of the spiral tunnels between Field, B.C., and the Great Divide on the Canadian Pacific, descending the steep grade, four and

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one half feet to the hundred, with a freight train, was a hazardous adventure. Pete Gilhooley was a new brakeman, and before starting out to help in the work of controlling the speed of trains on this portion of the line he was told that his rate of pay would be three cents per mile. On his second day, unfortunately, the train on which he was travelling got going so fast that it could not be controlled, and in railway parlance one man after another "unloaded" till none were left except the conductor and Pete. Just before jumping, the former shouted, "Better jump and save yourself!" But Pete responded, "Jump, is it? Not on yer loife, an' me a'runnin' about tin moiles a minnit an' arnin' three cints a moile! Divil a jump fer Gilhooley!"

THE PIONEER TRANSCONTINENTAL

FROM the turbulent Atlantic, past splendid inland
seas,
Out across the fertile prairies, where climbs are made
with ease;
Winding upward through the mountains, searching for
the Great Divide,
Boldly getting to the summit, slanting down the other
side;
Letting nothing halt nor hinder, letting nothing check
nor bar,
There lie two strips of metal which are called the C.P.R.

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Where the silence of the ages still is brooding undis-
turbed;
Where the once wild, useless rivers for men's profit have
been curbed;
Where the orchards spread their fragrance, where the
mountain torrents roar,
From the turbulent Atlantic to the wide Pacific's shore;
Where the plains yield splendid harvests, where the wolf's
howl echoes far,
Lie two strips of gleaming metal which are called the
C.P.R.

From the broad and blue St. Lawrence, through the val-
leys, o'er the plains,
To the last green strip of meadow that the winding
Fraser drains,
Like two long and slender ribbons laid across a hemi-
sphere,
Through proud cities and fair hamlets, over stretches
wide and clear,
In and out among the mountains whose white summits
gleam afar,
Lie two strips of shining metal which are called the
C.P.R.

—SAM KISER.

THE railroad is a monster—his feet are dipped into
the navigable seas and his many arms reach into the
uplands. His fingers clutch the treasures of the hills
—coal, iron, timber—all the wealth of Mother Earth.
His busy hands touch the broad prairies—corn, wheat,
fruits—the yearly produce of the land. With cease-
less activity he brings the raw products that they may

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be made into the finished. He centralizes industry. He fills the ships that sail the seas. He brings the remote town in quick touch with the busy city. He stimulates life. He makes life.

His arms stretch through the towns and over the land. His steel muscles stretch across great rivers and deep valleys; his tireless hands have long since burrowed their way through God's eternal hills. He is here, there, everywhere. His great life is part and parcel of the great life of the nation.

He reaches an arm into an unknown country, and it is known. Great tracts of land that were untraversed become farms, hillsides yield up their mineral treasures, a busy town springs into life where there was no habitation of man a little time before, the town becomes the city. Commerce is born. The railroad bids death and stagnation begone. It creates. It reaches forth with its life, and life is born.

The railroad is life itself.

—J. EDWARD HUNGERFORD, in *Harper's Magazine*.

WHAT a man Harry Coram was! Everybody who knew him respected him, and very many people when in trouble went to him for advice. His friends in Woodstock, Ont., where he was the Credit Valley agent forty years ago, were legion. Later he was at Owen Sound, Fort William and Winnipeg. He might have been a David Harum reincarnated. He always

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talked in a slow monotone, with absolutely no inflection in his voice, and when he had finished what he had to say he would look at his auditor with wonderfully expressive eyes and say in the same tone, "Do you understand?"

The S.S. *Manitoba* was being unloaded and the S.S. *Athabasca* being loaded at Owen Sound for Fort William. Sam Milling, the general foreman in charge of the men engaged in doing the work, walked into the office and informed Coram that he was sending a trucker named Rawson over to be paid off, as he had been guilty of insubordination and impertinence. A few minutes later Rawson arrived and told the agent he had been fired and wanted his time. "Stand right where you are and you will get it in one minute," said Harry, as he sat down and began writing out the cheque. When it was ready he held it up to Rawson without so much as turning his head around, and remarked, "Here you are. You have my permission to remain off the Company's property altogether. Do you understand?"

THE noted Chicago lawyer, Emery Storrs, attended a banquet of stock-breeders in the old Leland Hotel some thirty years ago, and when called upon to speak he said, "Gentlemen, I have listened with great interest to the merits and good qualities of the Jersey, Holstein, and other fine breeds of cattle, but as an attorney for

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railroads I can assure you the most valuable and the highest-priced animal in the world is the offspring of an ordinary cow crossed by a locomotive."

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE was an expert chess player, and knowing no person in Montreal who could make a game interesting for him, he made some enquiries, and learned that a young man named Walter Vaughan, who later was Sir William's biographer, recently arrived from the old country and employed in the office of the Chief Counsel of the Canadian Pacific, was reputed to be a good player. Sir William, therefore, asked Judge Clark, the Chief Counsel, to send him up to his office, and it was arranged that they should have a game at the President's house that same evening. Vaughan won, and night after night they played, he winning with provoking regularity.

One day the Judge called Vaughan into his office and complained that his work was not being kept up to date, when he informed him that he was not getting enough sleep. "Well, whose fault is that?" asked the Judge. Then Vaughan explained to him that he was spending every evening playing chess with the President, that he was never able to get away before one o'clock in the morning, and more often it was as late as four. The Judge wanted to know if the games were evenly contested, but Vaughan told him that so far he had been fortunate enough to win every time.

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The Judge advised him to give Sir William a chance to win that night, which he did, and once victor the President was quite satisfied, which was characteristic of him.

“GOT any rivers they say are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible,
Doing the things that no man can do.”

THE office of Bob Miller, when he was in charge of the Windsor Street Station, Montreal, was the rendezvous of officers of minor rank, and particularly when one of them felt that he was receiving too many bricks and too few bouquets from the gentleman upon whose monthly pay-roll his name appeared. Bob had many a tale of woe to listen to, but he never failed to give some sage advice and to apply a soothing touch.

One officer was complaining that his superior had been belaboring him unmercifully over some shortcoming of one of the men on his staff, merely handing down to him a “roast” he had received from an officer of still higher rank. Bob said, “That’s an old practice, and one indulged in by almost everybody, and I think I can give you a concrete example. A great many years ago an English gentleman of some distinction was on a touring trip through Canada. Arriving in Mont-

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real, he was unable to obtain his baggage because a bone-headed Italian porter had sent it to Winnipeg by mistake. In his wrath he rushed up to the President's office and complained bitterly about his "luggage" having been sent away when he was in need of it in Montreal. The President sent for the General Superintendent and told him in a few crisp, unmistakable words what he thought of his organization. The General Superintendent summoned the Terminal Superintendent to his office, raked him over fore and aft, and told him that somebody would have to be fired. The Terminal Superintendent was hot under the collar and all the way down his spine. He came in here as though he had been shot out of a catapult, and the language that man used towards yours truly wouldn't be fit to print in the Chinese language. When I got within sight of the baggage-master I am afraid there was murder in my heart. I flayed him alive and threatened that if he didn't fire the whole bloody outfit I'd fire him. The culprit was a poor Dago who had been on the job but a short time. The baggage-master, after a thorough investigation, found that, as usual, there were some extenuating circumstances; he abused Antonio like a pick-pocket, told him he ought to be vending bananas or polishing boots, and suspended him for thirty days. Tony, having no one upon whom he could wreak his wrath except the partner of all his woes, went home and gave his unfortunate wife a terrible beating. My own opinion is that the practice is not very heroic. In this particular case I have al-

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ways considered the President himself an accessory before the fact, and chiefly responsible for the poor, unfortunate woman's bruises and sufferings."

A LADY from Hamilton was waiting her turn at the ticket window at the Toronto Union Station when a stranger crowded up against her and attempted to get precedence from the ticket clerk. She turned and glared at him, when he growled, "Well, don't eat me up!" "You are in no danger whatever," she replied, "I'm a Jewess, and you must know that the flesh of a certain animal is not considered fit for us to eat!"

THE eminent Canadian journalist Edward Farrar and our old friend George Ham were excellent pals for a great many years and up to the time of the former's death. On a trip together to the Pacific Coast they were passing one night through the Province of Saskatchewan, and at about ten o'clock Farrar suggested retiring, so George said, "All right, Ned, you go to bed and I'll sit up a little longer and have a smoke before retiring. But when you get up in the morning you might give me a call!" About an hour later the train stopped at a way station, and in a minute or so George recognized the voice of a lady of his acquaint-

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ance, who was engaged in newspaper work in Vancouver, in conversation with the porter out in the corridor. He gathered from a remark made by the latter that there was no lower berth available for the lady, so, stepping out of the smoking-room, he greeted her in his usual affable manner and asked if there was any way in which he might be useful to her. She was afraid not, but the porter had just informed her that there was no lower berth for her. "Oh, yes, there is!" George replied, "your berth is No. 8." She protested that under no circumstances would she deprive him of his berth, but he insisted, and assured her that he much preferred sleeping in an upper, and that lower 8 would be vacant unless she occupied it.

In the morning, pursuant to the arrangement of the night before, Farrar, after rising and getting partly dressed, went to No. 8, pulled back the curtains and gave the fair occupant a resounding whack, exclaiming, "It's time to get up, you old heifer!" George had a perplexing task explaining to the greatly offended and scandalized lady how the assault came to be made, and in appeasing her indignation.

WHEN the Qu'appelle, Long Lake & Saskatchewan Railway, that portion of the Canadian National running between Regina and Prince Albert, was being operated by the Canadian Pacific under a lease, Tim Riordan was the roadmaster. Tim didn't think

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Charlie Cotterell, the chief dispatcher at Regina, was giving him the support in his work he was entitled to, and felt that his lot was in consequence rather a hard one. One day he complained to Frank Dillinger, the Superintendent, and wound up by saying: "Whin it's all over wid me here and I have to pass in me checks I'll saunter up to the purly gates, and Saint Pater, shtanding on guard, will say, 'An' who might ye be?' an Oi'll reply, 'My name, it is Tim Riordan.' Thin he'll say, 'Ye wuddent be Tim Riordan ov the Prince Albert Branch, wud ye?' and whin Oi confess that Oi am that same, he'll say, 'Come roight insoide, Tim, me boy, shure ye've had hell enough on airth alridy wid Cotterell, so ye have.' "

WHEN John Scully was Superintendent of the C.P.R. at Brandon, Man., he was at his desk at an early hour one morning when a stock drover named Riley walked in and the following conversation took place:

Riley—Are ye the Sooprintindint?

Scully—I am.

Riley—Well, me name it is Roiley, and I arroived here this morning about foor o'clock wid car sivinty sivin foive foor twinty wid young steers, and yer blankety-blank yardmin won't plass it at de stock pins to be unloaded, and divil a bit uv satisfaction kin I git from thim.

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Scully—Sit down for one minute. (Calls up the yard office on the telephone.) Is that the yard?

Yard-clerk—Yes, what do you want?

Scully—I want to know when you are going to place my car of steers I brought in this morning.

Yard-clerk—We ain't got no time to place your steers.

Scully—And you haven't got any job either; come up and get your time. It's Mr. Scully who is speaking. (Puts up receiver.)

Riley—Good morning, Mither Scully!

Scully—Good morning, Mr. Riley! (Exit Riley).

THE through passenger train stopped at a little Indian village station, and as the engineer was waiting to receive the conductor's signal to start, a big copper-faced squaw, carrying a little papoose on her back, caught his glance. Pointing to the young brave he enquired, "Injun?" and she replied, "Part Injun—part injuneer!"

WITH the sole object of encouraging the thorough-bred horse industry in the Province of Quebec, Lord Shaughnessy not only became a member of the then newly-formed Montreal Jockey Club, but also imported a fashionably-bred race mare. Although highly recommended, this mare, "Silk Hose," finished in most

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of her races a very bad last. In one, when she had galloped past the stand probably thirty lengths behind the other starters, Charles M. Hays, then President of the G.T.R., who was standing beside Lord Shaughnessy, remarked, "That's a fast mare you have, Shaughnessy!"

"Yes," replied Lord Shaughnessy, "she's about as fast as a Grand Trunk train."

—From *Reminiscences of a Raconteur*, by GEORGE H. HAM.
(The Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto).

THE train running South from Rome with a large party of tourists, mostly American, arrived at Naples at a time when the inferno Vesuvius was in full eruption. One of the number ejaculated, "Ain't this just like hell?" when a Frenchman exclaimed, "Ah, zese Americans! ware 'ave zey not been?"

IT'S up to Souris and back again
With no place down to lay,
All the week and Sunday, too,
Firing night and day;
Never a chance to shave your mug,
Seldom to see your wife;
Oh, it's night and day with little pay,
That's a fireman's life.

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A YOUNG lady, not familiar with the language of railroad men, happened to be at the station the other day when the train was being made up. One of the brakemen shouted: "Jump on her when she comes by, run her down to the round house and cut her in two and bring the head end up to the station." Screaming "murder" the young lady fled from the spot.

A RAILWAY claims' adjuster, who had a marvelous faculty for settling claims in a manner most favorable to the Railway Company, followed the practice of prolonging the correspondence with claimants with the hope that a few friendly letters and the consequent delay would produce a more reasonable attitude in them and make them more pliable. Having gained this result, he would then write a letter starting something like this:

"Dear Mr. Blank:

"Referring to your letter of 2nd proximo anent claim for a sorrel heifer which, being permitted to wander at large, met its death on a public highway crossing on July 3rd, 1903, by being struck by one of the trains of this Company, the facts are briefly reviewed herewith"—and then he would write a well-phrased letter of about ten pages, containing words that are seldom if ever used in ordinary speech or correspondence, and so ambiguous that the recipient

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would not know whether the claim was being acknowledged or declined.

One claimant, having received such a communication, waited for several months for a cheque in settlement, and when he was forced to the conclusion that his claim for forty-seven dollars would not be paid, he sat down and figured out how many return fares forty-seven dollars would buy to the next town and return, a round trip journey of fifteen miles. It was a trip he was obliged to make frequently, so he resolved to get even with the claims' adjuster and the Railway Company by travelling back and forth the next twelve times on foot so as to save the amount of the claim at the expense of the Railway's exchequer.

WHEN George Hodge, the present Assistant General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Eastern Lines, was a local superintendent in Quebec, he one day was accompanying Vice-President David McNicoll and General Manager J. W. Leonard over that portion of the line running up into the Laurentian mountains. A great many old ties were being removed from the track and destroyed by fire, but the instructions to pile such ties around any existing stumps of trees, so as to burn the unsightly stumps as well, were being disregarded, and every time Mr. McNicoll saw a pile of ties burning he complained, and George, in telling about

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it later, said that the repeated criticisms became rather trying.

Mr. Leonard was just recovering from a serious illness, and was sitting at one end of the private car wrapped in a heavy coat and bolstered about with cushions. He was not saying a word and appeared to be willing to let the Chief do all the criticizing.

After passing Nominique, they got on to the Mount Laurier extension, which had just been completed, and where the right of way was simply studded with stumps. Then Leonard remarked: "George, you'll have to get a lot of new ties up on this end for next year." The Old Man looked at him with astonishment and said, "Whut are ye talking about, Jum? Whut do ye mean? This line has jest been built; the present ties shu'd last for eight to ten years yet. Whut wull he be wanting new ties for next year?" and Leonard laconically asked, "How is he going to get the stumps burnt?"

SOME of the Canadian Pacific officers of Winnipeg, were complaining of the number of times they had been obliged to move during their service, when Jack Schwitzer, who later was the Company's Chief Engineer said, "In the last ten years I have moved sixteen times, and now my furniture is so well trained that I have only to open the front door and make the announcement and it all walks out on to the street!"

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WHEN Paddy Coakley was roadmaster on the Goderich Branch of the Canadian Pacific he and Duke Carmichael were riding one day on the rear platform of the afternoon train when they struck a particularly bad spot in the track. Paddy looked out of the corner of his eye to note the effect upon the Assistant Superintendent, when the latter said, "Paddy, when the section-foreman took that rail out he should have put another one in." This was one occasion when Paddy had no "come back," but the look he gave Carmichael was more eloquent than speech, even such as Paddy indulges in.

AN official of the Canadian Pacific was travelling over a branch line in Saskatchewan in January 1905 when the thermometer registered 37° below zero. His secretary, Milton Biette, was under the spell of Roadmaster Tim Riordan's eloquence as he expatiated on the glories of the limitless prairies. A little cayuse was grazing in a field close to the track, and Milton wanted to know if a little horse like that would be able to live out of doors at night when the thermometer was ranging from 30° to 50° below zero, and received the reply, impressively delivered, "Would he? Would he live out uv doors in anny kind uv weather? Put yon little baste in a bar-r-n and he'd have appendicitis!"

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FINNERTY had just arrived in New York from the "Old Sod," and by the use of a little palaver he succeeded in negotiating a ride on a freight train bound in the direction of Albany. A broken wheel when the train was running at high speed resulted in the rolling stock being scattered over the right of way. The conductor ordered the wrecking outfit, and whilst waiting its arrival ran across Finnerty, who, although thrown a considerable distance, fortunately had escaped injury. "Well, Finnerty, and how'd you like riding in the cars in this country?" asked the conductor. Back came the reply, "A'roidin in de car-r-s be all roight, all roight, but Oi be dummed if Oi loike th' way ye have nv on-loadin' th' passengers."

DEAR old William Cross, who many years ago was the chief mechanical officer of the Canadian Pacific Railway's western lines, was noted for his thundrous snoring. One night he gave a demonstration in private car "Minnedosa," which was parked on a siding at Strathcona, Alberta. Five or six other officers had come there to sleep and remained to listen. The next morning at breakfast Noel Brooks, the Alberta District Engineer, remarked that the switch engine had had an awful struggle all night trying to get some cars of coal up the ramp leading to the coal chutes. He explained that it would back down to the lower end of

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the yard to take a run at the ramp, which it would reach at high speed. It would then climb the grade with regular exhausts at first, and one would think that the summit would surely be reached, but then slower and still slower would come the exhausts, followed by a final snort or gasp while still on the ramp, and then the engine would have to back down again, only to repeat the attempt without any better success. The old gentleman appreciated the description and much enjoyed it, but made no apologies.

FORTY years ago Billy Somers was a valuable subordinate of W. R. Callaway when the latter was the passenger representative of the Canadian Pacific at Toronto and by his original and unique methods of advertising was doing much to popularize the new railway. The service at that time was somewhat crude, and naturally some complaints were made by the Company's patrons. When a complainant appeared in person he was easily disposed of, for it mattered not what the nature of the complaint might be, no time was wasted in investigation; the statement was accepted at its face value and responsibility admitted. Somers was then brought in and told in the presence of the complainant that he was personally to blame and he was summarily dismissed from the service. At times the party making the complaint would ask that he be given another chance, but Callaway was not in-

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clined to yield to any such appeals, affirming that no slackness, indifference or carelessness would be tolerated and that in the interest of the service Somers would have to go.

The complainant would go away greatly impressed with the new Company's determination to have efficiency at any cost, and Bill and Billy would put on their hats and coats and cross over to the Rossin House to have a cigar together. Billy was fired once or twice every month.

THERE was a young fellow named Jay
Who was boastful of beating his way.
See there in the gloom
You can read on his tomb,
"He rode on the bumpers one day."

SOME years ago a railway official in Montreal was not as abstemious as he should have been. He also was so indiscreet as to have as a companion in his drinking bouts one of his subordinates in the office. Merely for convenience in relating the following facts we shall designate the former Pickles and the latter Puckles.

On the occasion of one of their bibulous carousals, which had lasted well beyond the midnight hour, Puckles was steering the unsteady, wavering footsteps

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of his superior homeward, but when arrived at a point one block short of their destination the pedal extremities of the latter refused to function further, and Puckles, who was much the bigger man, finished the journey with the limp form of Pickles over his shoulder. A little time was lost at the door in a search through the pockets of the incapacitated Pickles for his latch-key. Upon this being located and extracted, the door was opened and Puckles again shouldered his inanimate burden and began his weary climb up two flights of stairs, mumbling:

The heights that Puckles reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But while Mrs. Pickles slept
Was toiling upward in the night."

Upon reaching the bedroom floor a light was seen to be burning in the front room, and Puckles followed the gleam. The wife of the inert Pickles was in a disturbed slumber, and Puckles merely dropped his burden on top of her feet and said, "Mrs. Pickles, here's Billy!"

We must here close the bedroom door and modestly withdraw. The reader will have some idea of what took place within the sacred precincts of that room. What we are now concerned with is the fate of the trusty Puckles.

A few hours after Puckles had delivered his soporated cargo to its natural destination he reached his office and began another day's toil. Two hours later

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Mr. Pickles arrived. What had transpired within the sacred precincts already referred to had not produced in him a nice, charitable, at-peace-with-the-world feeling. The first thing he did was to tell Puckles that he was fired and that he must get off the Company's premises as fast as his legs could carry him—the same legs, mark you, that had struggled up those interminable stairs only a few hours before. Puckles thought he was entitled to know for what reason his services were being dispensed with, and Pickles shouted, "For b-b-being under the inf-f-luence of l-l-liquor last n-n-night!"

WHEN John Scully was the Divisional Superintendent at Brandon, Man., and John G. Taylor, who later was Superintendent and General Superintendent on different portions of the Canadian Pacific, was his assistant, Eugene Desharnais, an exceptionally capable trackman, was transferred from the East to take charge of the Minnedosa branch as roadmaster. Desharnais hearing was not very acute, and before sending the two men over the line so that the latter might be introduced to his new duties, Scully told each privately that the other was quite deaf but sensitive about it, and that it would be necessary to talk in a loud voice. From the time they got on the train they shouted at the pitch of their voices and kept it up all the way to Minnedosa. Then Desharnais, who was quite hoarse, said, "Look

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here, Mr. Taylor, because you are deaf is no reason why you should shout at me." Whereupon quite a row took place for a few minutes, but thereafter each had a high regard for the other.

AT Winnipeg one day an intoxicated individual was having great trouble in negotiating the stairway from the station to the train shed above. A "red cap" happened along and with considerable difficulty succeeded in getting the bibulous traveller aboard the train and comfortably seated. Across the aisle of the car was another passenger to whom the drunk remarked, "Thash what I call real Shee P.R. shervish. A fellow drinksh a little too mush, a 'red cap' appearsh on the sheen an' helpsh on the train. Can't beat Shee P.R. By th' way, where you goin'?" he asked his fellow traveller.

"I'm going to Toronto," was the reply.

"There you are 'gain! Wonnerful Shee P.R. shervish. Can't be beat. I'm goin' Vancouver, you goin' Toronto, an' boash on shame train!"

JERRY RIORDON had a gang under his direction lining a piece of track out around some wrecked cars. With their lining bars under the rails they were lifting in unison in response to Jerry's shouting, "He-e-haw. He-e-haw." They had been working hard and

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continuously for a long time, and from his own experiences on the end of a bar, and from their appearance, he felt sure that they were well-nigh exhausted. At the same time it was absolutely necessary to get the track in commission again with the least possible delay, and as one joint had to be pushed back a short distance, he shouted, "Bhoys, ye must be toired, so jest change yer bar-r-s to th' odder soide an' rist yer backs ag'in thim fer a minit!"

THE United States Customs' law provides for a certain duty on imported cigars by the box without any regard whatever to size. Sir William Van Horne arrived in New York one day with a box of specially made Havanas each of which was of a mammoth size. After declaring them and tendering the prescribed amount of duty, the officer was unwilling to accept it, claiming that on account of their enormous size there should be some extra charge. Sir William demanded his authority for imposing additional charge, but as the officer was unable to do so, he was obliged to accept the usual sum, much to Sir William's delight.

THE birthday of A. A. Goodchild, the General Storekeeper of the Canadian Pacific Railway, falls on the same date as that of H.R.M. King George V., and in 1921 one of his fellow-officers sent him a letter ex-

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pressing his good wishes. This letter was so addressed as to make it appear that it had been sent to His Royal Majesty as well as to Goodchild. It contained the following quotation from Byron, altered to suit the occasion and circumstances:

"O talk not to me of a name great in story,
The days of our youth are the days of our glory,
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet five and fifty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so nifty."

As an acknowledgment the following effusion was received from Mr. Goodchild:

"I and the King came into the world both on the self-
same day,
I and the King shall go out of the world both in the
selfsame way.
The laurels we wear and the honors we bear
Are loaned for a moment by fates in their play;
We may tangle and bruise them, spatter or lose them,
But the day yet will come when we'll lay them away.
The myrtle which graces our much furrowed brows
Is something we're both of us proud to have seen,
Though my good friend King George, reluctant,
allows
That my own is quite lacking in some of his sheen.
The ivy methinks doth seem to remind us
How it thrives both on castle and tenement walls,
As the years pass away and we leave them behind us
We grow nearer our quest of Equality's Halls.
The day of our birth shall be oft told in story
Will be sung in the songs of the brave and the free.
But I'll do my utmost to meet him in glory,
And invite you to share in the joy and the glee."

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IN Montana a railway bridge had been destroyed by fire and it was necessary to replace it. The bridge engineer and his staff were ordered to hasten to the place. Two days later came the Superintendent of the Division. Alighting from his private car he encountered the old bridge and building master.

"Bill," said the Superintendent, and the words quivered with energy, "I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the Company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," said the bridge-builder, "whether the engineer has the pictures drawn yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

IN 1903, when Charlie Connors was chairman of the local committee of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers on the Canadian Pacific at Toronto, and he had associated with him such talent as Hughie Davison and Fred Sproule, many interminable sessions were held with the officers of the Company.

An engineer had been dismissed for what seemed to Jim Manson, who was then the Superintendent, sufficient cause, and the committee appealed to H. P. Timmerman, the General Superintendent, practically demanding his reinstatement. The session was a protracted one, in fact adjournments were made from day

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to day, and the arguments pro and con were repeated over and over again. Joe Spragge, the Master Mechanic, who also was present, reclined in a luxuriously upholstered arm-chair, which his portly form comfortably filled, and, while the General Superintendent was once more restating the Company's position, relapsed into a delicious doze, from which he was awakened, however, by Mr. Timmerman shouting to him, "Mr. Spragge, why don't you say something about this case?" Rousing himself, Joe replied, "Well, sir, I'm afraid I cannot add anything to what I have already said," which, after the meeting was over, Jim pointed out to Joe was a very good reply, inasmuch as it was the first word he had spoken since the opening of the session.

ARTHUR HATTON, the General Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, read a most interesting paper before the Canadian Railway Club in Montreal some years ago on "Sidelights on Railway Time-Tables." In the discussion that followed a Grand Trunk officer remarked that he knew nothing about the preparation of a time-table on the C.P.R., but that he had observed that the Grand Trunk schedules between Montreal and Vaudreuil, where there is a heavy suburban traffic, were so arranged that their trains were often seen to whizz past the trains of the Canadian Pacific. This sally raised quite a laugh, but Tom Collins, the C.P.R. Superintendent at Montreal,

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arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, the gentleman who has just now resumed his seat told us about Grand Trunk trains passing trains of the Canadian Pacific on the parallel tracks between here and Vaudreuil, but he failed to inform you that the C.P.R. trains were running in the opposite direction!"

A PARTY of railway men were travelling together out in Alberta when it was suggested that they visit the Mormon Temple in Cardston, which was then in course of construction, and upon which a million dollars had already been expended. When they obtained admittance they found that there were a number of men working in the different rooms, and one of them, an Englishman having a good flow of language, but who found some difficulty in correctly placing his aitches, kindly volunteered to show them through the building.

They visited what is known as the terrestrial room, and their guide explained the presence of some luxurious chairs there by saying, "These heasy chairs are for the use of people w'o hafter walkin' about may sit down and rest theirselves for aw'ile, and hif they wish read the Bible or hamuse theirselves in some hother way!"

In the beautiful room in which is the baptismal font, surmounted, as it is, upon the hindquarters of twelve life-sized oxen, arranged in a circle, and facing

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outward, they were next taken. They were told that the oxen represented the twelve tribes of the children of Israel, and also the twelve foundation stones under the walls of the holy Jerusalem which the Apostle John saw in a vision. The guide then continued, "As soon as the workmen are through decorating this 'ere room the plaster of Paris will be removed from the hoxen, and then you will see twelve lovely hornate hoxen in gold, with their beautiful 'orns and beautiful heyesh!"

Visiting next two wonderful rooms, exquisitely finished in bird's-eye maple, the panels on the walls shewing really great paintings representing, in the first room, the garden of Eden before the fall of man, and in the other, after that event. The paintings were the work of renowned artists, brought from great distances, and so employed for more than a year. The pictures in the first room were of familiar animals, living contentedly and peacefully, the wolf dwelling with the lamb in amity, also the leopard with the kid, and the cow with the bear, all alike feeding upon grass—the lion eating straw with the ox. In the second room the panels resembled those in the first, but whereas in the latter all the animals were herbivorous, in the former many of them had become carnivorous, and instead of peace and good-will amongst them the faces of some expressed the greatest terror as they were being pursued and devoured by larger, hungrier and ferocious beasts. The guide called attention to a ravenous wolf pouncing upon a poor, helpless sheep and said, "Hobserve the hanxious look on the counten-

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ance of the face of the sheep!" Then he pointed out admiringly the perfection of the bird's-eye maple wood in which the rooms were finished, and added, "President Beatty of the C. P. Har was 'ere last year with a number of 'is hofficers. 'E hasked 'is Master Car Builder w'y it was the C. P. Har couldn't 'ave wood like that for their sleeping-cars, but was told that the C. P. Har couldn't hafford to use such waluable wood, and then Mr. Beatty said, 'Well, that's the most helegant wood I hever seen, and I claim to be a connoisseur!'"

ONE day, long years ago, District Passenger Agent W. F. Egg met General Storekeeper W. H. Kelson in the office of I. G. Ogden, now the "grand old man" of the Canadian Pacific. The next day was to be a holiday, and Kelson, out of the goodness of his heart, asked Egg to bring his little family up to his house to have dinner with him and Mrs. Kelson. Now, had Kelson known that Billy was the proud father of three-quarters of a dozen of little Eggs it is doubtful if that invitation ever would have been given. His first awakening came on the following day when, upon walking out of the front gate of his home and peering across the adjoining fields, he observed in the distance the approach of Mr. and Mrs. Egg with their numerous progeny. Several years later, in recounting the incident, Billy added, "Mr. K-k-elson says that B-billy Egg's family is one of the p-prettiest sights in Mont-real, b-but he has never invited us back since!"

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A FEW of the men who were in Montreal to attend the annual banquet of Canadian Pacific officers in 1919 had luncheon together at the University Club. The liquid refreshments gave a certain popular Westerner a benevolent feeling towards his wife, and transformed a man of a naturally modest and retiring nature into one of self-assurance and boldness. On the way to his hotel he dropped into Murphy's store, and approaching the hose counter, where several ladies were being served, he shouted, "I want a pair of yellow silk stockings for my wife!" The saleslady wanted to know the size, when he replied, "Size! I don't know the size, but she wears a number forty-two corset!"

LONG years ago, when Pat Dwan handled the daily way freight train between Toronto and Orangeville, before the Credit Valley was absorbed by the Canadian Pacific, his brakemen being Jack Clancy, Tom Dempsey and Tim Riley, he was called upon one day to run the passenger trains between the same points. He had no opportunity to change his clothes before starting out, and might easily have passed for a car cleaner or an engine wiper. He had difficulty, therefore, in convincing some of the passengers that he was the person authorized to collect the tickets and fares, and upon requesting a consequential looking individual for his transportation he was met with a stony stare and the

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question, "What are you?" to which Pat immediately replied, "Phwat am Oi? shoir Oi'm Oirish, ye bloody fool!"

WHEN Sid Sykes was the office boy in the ramshackle office of the Sleeping Car Superintendent at Parkdale, long before he became a local celebrity in Ontario as a baseball pitcher and an amateur boxer, he had much fun playing pranks upon the colored porters. The office was located at the south end of the passenger yard, not far from King and Dufferin, and there was plenty of vacant space between it and the Gladstone Hotel, where boarded old Steve Shanks, the most popular porter running on the C.P.R. out of Toronto. Steve was assigned to the Toronto-Ottawa run, and although he was a big fat, jolly chap, he was an exceedingly nervous one.

On a certain warm day, no other than the 24th of May, Steve arrived from Ottawa and went to the office to make out his report for the audit office. He took off his coat and vest, hung them on the back of the door, sat down on a comfortable chair and proceeded with his task, to him a great deal harder job than handling a full car of passengers between the two cities. He had just got nicely started, with head far forward and papers and elbows spread all over the table, when Sid lit a cannon firecracker and placed it under his chair. The explosion was terrific and the force really helped Steve in his hasty departure. He

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simply shot out of the door and ran like a marathoner to the Gladstone Hotel without ever looking back to see what damage the supposed earthquake had done to the property. Steve lived to a ripe old age without knowing what caused the explosion.

THE assistant foreman was taken to task because of frequent pilferages from the tool-room, and as it was suspected that some of the employees were responsible for the disappearance of certain tools and supplies, the foreman instructed him that in case of a recurrence he was to lock the shop and roundhouse doors and not allow a single man to escape until all had been thoroughly searched. A few days later the foreman returned from the stores to find himself locked out, and had to remain out in the cold for a considerable time. After the men had left and he learned what had been going on, he was curious to know if the missing articles had been recovered, but was told that the search had been without result, and upon further questioning was informed that what had disappeared was one of the roundhouse wheelbarrows!

AS the trainmaster was finishing a report covering an investigation, a husky young Hercules with plenty of assurance and resembling a typical trainman entered the office and applied for a job. "What experience

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have you had?" asked the trainmaster. "Well, boss," he replied, "I've been decorating freight trains all the way between the Yukon and the Gulf of Mexico, and I guess I could pass an exam." "On what roads?" was the next question. "On the White Pass, Yukon and Pacific, the Louisville and Nashville, and most all the other railways between these two extremes," he answered. "What does a full train crew consist of?" "Five men." "What are they?" "A hogshhead, a dough-head, two pinheads and a swellhead." "What is a fixed signal?" "A brakeman out on deck at night with a cinder in his eye and his lamp out." "Why is the right of way fenced?" "So that the engine won't stray away and get lost." "Why are train orders used?" "So that engineers may know the numbers of their engines and the direction they are to go." "If you see a group of railway men talking together what would be the gist of their conversation?" "A fast run, a hard trip, or a nifty Jane!"

He got the job.

PEOPLE who have been travelling to and fro during the past thirty odd years between points on the branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway running from Toronto to Owen Sound have pleasant recollections of Orangeville station, because of the break in the journey there for refreshments, and also because of the presence on the station platform of the ever-smiling,

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jovial and supremely happy Jim Henry. Jim in his earlier days attended to the conveyance of passengers between the station and the hotels in the old familiar bus, but, for many years now has been checking and handling their baggage at the station. One explanation given by Jim for his never-ceasing jollity was the fact that during all those long years he had remained in a state of single blessedness. Be that as it may, a short time ago Jim, who is fast approaching the retiring age, wooed and won an estimable Orangeville lady, one entirely suitable in every way, and it is stated but little younger than Jim himself. On returning from their honeymoon and stepping from the train at Orangeville, Jim's guffaw could be heard in the next village as he read an inscription in flaming letters on an immense streamer which was stretched across the street, 'Now watch Orangeville grow!'

IN the early '80's, when the railway was a new thing to the inhabitants of Perth, Ont., a number of the men were wont to assemble on the station platform in the evenings to listen to "Dinny" McElligett, the station baggagemaster, who while standing with his back against the building and smoking his short clay pipe would give snatches from the history of his life. One evening he regaled his company with a list of the different railways in Canada and the United States upon which he had been employed, his various occupations,

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and the period of time each had enjoyed the benefit of his valuable services. As he proceeded he was somewhat disconcerted as he noticed that John Malloy, at that time the section foreman, was making sundry entries in a note-book and working out certain mathematical calculations. However, he still talked on, little suspecting how deep a ditch John was digging for him. When Dinny began to expatiate upon the value of his services to the Canadian Pacific Railway in his present position, John interrupted to enquire if he was quite sure he had not overlooked mentioning any of the railways on which he had worked. Dinny thought not. "And how ould was you when you shtarted out on your famous railroad career?" asked the wily John. Upon being informed that he started as a water-boy on an extra-gang at the early age of twelve, John added this number to the sum of his mathematical labors and remarked: "Well, Dinny, I find according to yer own account that ye have reached the ripe ould age ov 119, and ye don't look ut!"

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN

SUPERINTINDINT wuz Flannigan;
Boss av the siction wuz Finnigin;
Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack,
An' muddled up things t' th' divil an' back,
Finnigin writ it to Flannigan,
Aftther the wrick wuz all on ag'in;
That is, this Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

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Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,
He writed tin pages, did Finnigin,
An' he tould jist how the smash occurred;
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd
Did Finnigin write to Flannigan
Afther the kyars had gone on ag'in.
That wuz how Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—
He'd more idjucation, had Flannigan;
An' it wore 'm clane an' complately out
To tell what Finnigin writ about
In his writin' to Muster Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finnigin
"Don't do sich a sin ag'in;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan,
He blushed rosy rid, did Finnigin;
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay
That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay
Befoore Sup'rintindint—that's Flannigan—
Gits a whack at this same sin ag'in.
From Finnigin to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long ag'in."

Wan da-ay, on the siction av Finnigin,
On the road sup'rintinded by Flannigan,
A rail giv' way on a bit av a curve,
An' some kyars went off as they made the swerve.
"There's nobody hurtet," sez Finnigin,
"But repoorts must be made to Flannigan."
An' he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigin.

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He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigan,
As minny a railroader's been ag'in,
An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down his repoort, was Finnigin!
An' he writed this here: "Muster Flannigan:
 Off ag'in, on ag'in,
 Gone ag'in,—Finnigin."

—S. W. GILLAN.

IN Canada, and especially in the western portion of it, college graduates from the British Isles and from European countries, some of them belonging to the nobility, are every now and then turning up in construction camps and in other branches of labor. One such, after so exhausting the patience of his aristocratic English parents as to cause the remittance doles and all correspondence to cease, became a regular sectionman in a small track-gang near Banff, Alberta. Labor was exceedingly scarce, and the foreman of the gang resigning, the roadmaster was obliged to appoint the Hon. Clarence Dinweedy to succeed him, notwithstanding his short training in track work. Clarence upon his appointment found himself in charge of two assistants, and in possession of a hand-car and all the tools of a regular section gang. As he surveyed his new position he saw that it held possibilities which, if discreetly used, might lead to some sort of a reconciliation with his family, and probably a resumption of financial assistance. He therefore wrote to his parents,

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admitting that he had been "a bit of a rotter," and, professing contrition, assured them that he could now see the wisdom of their decision to let him shift for himself. He had been led to see that it was a case of "sink or swim," and when, like the Prodigal Son, he "came to himself," he decided to swim. He told of having sought and found a humble post on the Canadian Pacific Railway, that by dint of hard work and a faithful discharge of his duties he had risen from one post to another and now had the supreme satisfaction of holding a position of great responsibility with the Company, being in charge of a portion of its line in the Rocky Mountains, with men under him and with a private car on which he always travelled when making his trip of inspection. The letter, it need hardly be said, had the desired effect, for soon after Clarence received a substantial cheque and the roadmaster was obliged to select another foreman.

ONE of the minor officers of the Canadian Pacific was up before the Vice-President to explain some slight delinquency. There could be absolutely no doubt as to what the Vice-President thought of him after he had heard his explanation—absolutely none! Then the man did a bold thing. He looked into the other's face and said, "Sir, I think I am entitled to an increase in salary!" To record here the names of the fifty-seven varieties of a fool the young officer was considered to

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be would bring this story under the ban of the censor. However, he got the increase all right, and it is believed that this exhibition of courage did much to raise him in the estimation of the Vice-President.

A SUFFERER who lives close to a railway yard in the suburbs wrote the following letter to the Railway Company complaining about the racket made by a switch engine:

“Gentlemen:—

“Why is it that your switch engine has to ding and dong and fizz and split and bang and hiss and pant and grate and grind and puff and chug and bump and hoot and toot and whistle and wheeze and jar and jerk and howl and snarl and puff and growl and thump and boom and clash and jolt and screech and snort and snarl and slam and throb and roar and rattle and yell and smoke and smell and shriek like hell the whole night long?”

A PROMINENT officer of the Canadian Pacific western lines was sitting at his desk one morning, about twenty years ago, and being summoned to the telephone, he was informed that the gentleman who wished to engage him in conversation was no less a personage than the Rev. Dr. Hogg. After exchanging the usual salutations, the reverend gentleman told

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Charlie, as we shall call him, that he wished to interest him in an important mass meeting to be held in one of the large halls of Winnipeg to discuss the momentous moral issue which at that time was agitating the mind of the populace. Seats on the platform were being reserved for prominent, influential citizens, and the committee desired that he occupy one of these seats so that the people of Winnipeg might know that their cause had his moral support.

Charlie demurred somewhat and ventured the opinion that there was room for an honest difference of view as to the best method of dealing with the problem, and that he was not quite sure that the committee Dr. Hogg represented was pursuing the wisest course. The Doctor was considerably shocked and expressed surprise that a man who stood so high in the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and one who was the father of a growing family (Charlie had never been married!) should have any doubt as to which were the best methods in the interest of the rising generation.

A prolonged discussion followed and Charlie was informed that unless he accepted the committee's invitation the meeting would be informed that he was in favor of the continuance of the evil. It was of no avail for Charlie to deny the charge, pointing out that they differed only as to the method which would most effectively cure the evil, and to protest against being drawn into the controversy contrary to his inclination. He must range himself with the committee or abide by the consequences. Finally the Doctor said, "Mr.

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Butler, I have given you the opportunity to declare your position on this grave moral question, and, as I have no more time to spare, I must ask you to state unequivocally whether or not you will accept the invitation of the committee and occupy the seat reserved for you." With considerable heat Charlie replied, "No, I will not!" Back came the answer: "Then you can go to h—l!"

Charlie never discovered which of his friends it was who perpetrated the joke. During the next few days almost every time he was called upon to answer the telephone he would hear: "This is the Rev. Dr. Hogg," and then it would be Charlie's turn to tell the party where he was at liberty to go.

THEY met on the bridge at midnight
They never will meet again,
For one was an eastbound heifer,
The other a westbound train!

WHEN Dick Christopher was firing Engine 18 on the old Credit Valley Railway, away back in the early 80's, he was under indefinite suspension for some trivial offence. After hanging around for a couple of weeks, one day he so timed his movements as to meet, as though by accident, H. G. Taylor, the sturdy,

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square-built, corpulent Master Mechanic, as he was returning from his noon meal. "Old Harry," as he was called, to all outward appearances was a gruff old bear and kept his men at a distance. But in reality he was a kind-hearted man, his austerity being assumed in order to maintain discipline. Dick accosted him with becoming deference and asked when he was going to be permitted to go out on his engine again. "Old Harry" wanted to know what was the number of his engine and when told it was number 18, he replied, "No. 18! I didn't know that was your engine, I thought it belonged to the Credit Valley Railway!"

JERRY RIORDAN, who had been a roadmaster on the Canadian Pacific for many years, was given a vacation in order that he might make a trip back to Ireland. When he returned and was ready to resume work he called upon his Superintendent, John T. Arundel, at Winnipeg. He told him a good many things about his trip and was asked if he had travelled over any of the English railways, and what he thought of the way they maintained their track. "Thrack, is it?" asked Jerry. "Shore, Mr. Arundel, they don't know the first thing about thracks. Ye thravel along moile after moile jest as iv ye were shlidin' along on a billy-yard table. I onnly wisht I cudd take some ov me bhoyes over from Mannytoba; we'd moighty soon show thim how to put some humps and hollers into their thracks!"

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THE section-foreman at Miniota, Man., who was anxious to have his son given employment in the Engineering Department, had a nice sense of humor. Application had been made to several engineers, but he had always been put off, so one day he spoke to Jack Holden, who had lately been appointed to the position of resident engineer on the Division. He was told once more that there was no vacancy, but Jack suggested that he put him on as a section-hand instead. "I'm afraid," said the foreman, "he would not be satisfactory, because, Mr. Holden, he is not very smart; in fact he is quite dull, and I'm sorry to have to say it, being as I am his own father!"

DE FAS' FREIGHT

ONE winter night around Hurdman
The wind she blow, blow, blow ;
De Conductor try for jump on van,
But fell off on de snow ;
For the wind she blow like hurricane,
Bime bye she blow some more,
And that Con spread herself around
One arpent in de snow.

The Con, she walk on C.P. track—
And New York and Ottawa too ;
She hand clearance to front and shack
When the engine pass him through—

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He try to catch de van behind
If she come pass him slow,
She make the jump; fall on hees spine
And tear up lots of snow.

Mon Dieu, he see the small caboose
Go pass him down de track;
He make big shout; it was no use
For call to rear end shack.
Bime bye she sit up on his feet
And walk back in de snow,
And all the tam the goldarn wind
Do nodding else but blow.

Bime bye he pass to Bon Munroe
And tell him all hees trub,
And hax him for de liniment
To give his spine one rub;
And Bon, she tell de despatcher—
Please try so quick he can
To try for stop de goldarn train,
Before she pass Navan.

Next morning in the afternoon
Dat train reach Montreal,
And den she fine de two shed car
He have not got at all.
By gosh; he feels it very sore
And worry on hees head,
He says hees never do before
For miss dem car from shed.

Now all de freight conductor men,
Take warning by dat time
And never try for catch de van
When she pass on de line.

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Before de train she go for start
Get in and shut de door,
Because now you are not so smart
Lak twenty years before.

Den suppose de wind she blow, blow, blow :
Jus do like what I'm say,
Before de train she start to go
Be sure to embarque.
Den maybe if de engineer,
Will pass so quick he can,
You can't get lef around Hurdman
If your sitting in de van.

—FRED MACDONALD.

RIMPH and Zapp were the two conductors who operated the daily way freight service on the Pheasant Hills branch of the C.P.R. The former had but one functioning eye, and the latter complained that he was required to handle about sixty-six per cent. of the small freight between the cars and the sheds, besides doing a great deal more than his share of the switching along the line. In complaining to Ken Savage, who at that time was trainmaster in that territory, Zapp said, "Of course, Mr. Savage, I know that Oscar has a defective lamp, and it would hardly be reasonable to expect him to see all there is to be done; but I think he should do a greater share of the work, and I would be satisfied if only he'd do all the work that's to be done on the side on which he has the good eye!"

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BIG, burly Micky Doran was foreman of an extra gang and had but recently been given charge of this large squad of men. He was anxious that there should be no misunderstanding as to who was the boss; so looking at the bunch with the glare of a tiger, he shouted, "Oi want ut to be distinctly understood that Oi kin lick anny wan ov yuz!" "Phat's that?" asked a fellow-countryman, straightening himself up; "ye think ye can lick anny wan ov us?" "Shure," replied Micky, "Oi kin lick anny man what worrucks for me!" The other threw down his spade, spat upon his hands and said, "Ye can't lick me!" And Micky replied, "Oi can't, aye? All roight, go to the toime-kaper an' git yer pay. Oi'll be dummed ef Oi'll have annywan worrucking for me that Oi can't lick!"

THE municipality of Grand Piles, Quebec, having made an application to the Board of Railway Commissioners for an additional highway crossing, the lawyer presenting the case for the village, after completing his argument, said that he proposed calling His Worship Mayor Lafontaine, who was also the agent, to explain the necessity for the extra crossing. J. W. Leonard, the General Manager of the Railway, asked if he was an insurance agent, and much to his surprise the Mayor replied: "Oh, no, I am the Canadian Pacific station agent." Then Leonard said, "You might have

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been a few minutes ago, but you are our agent no longer."

Some time later George Hodge, who was the Divisional Superintendent, receiving the General Manager's consent, reinstated Mr. Lafontaine, and afterwards, when being transferred to another Division, George received a letter from Lafontaine in broken English expressing appreciation of the relationship which had existed between them and concluding with the words, "although, Mr. Hodge, there are many who will forget you, I am proud to say I want to be the first."

AWAY back in the early 80's the local train running from Havelock to Toronto stopped at Manvers with the steps of the day coach a few feet beyond the station platform. A young woman passenger, known to Billy Mitchell, the conductor, to be the daughter of a farmer in Cavan, hesitated to jump from the coach steps to the ground. Time was up and Billy, becoming impatient, shouted, "Drop down, why don't ye? Don't be afeared! If ye was back home ye'd shlide down aff a load iv hay!"

WE (William Stitt and the writer) were out in James Osborne's private car through the Muskoka country. James, as you know, besides being General

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Superintendent of the C.P.R., was a total abstainer and as pernickety as they make them on the liquor question. As James and I were sitting together one morning in the rear end of the car, Weelum's name came up incidentally, and I remarked quite off-hand like:

"Weelum is a grand man, a nature's nobleman, but—but—"

"But what?" demanded James.

"Oh, I don't like to tell, but, between you and me, Weelum crooks his elbow too much."

James was astounded; it wasn't possible, and he wanted to know if he drank very heavily.

"Like a fish," I mendaciously retorted.

Just then Weelum entered, and James Osborne immediately informed him of what I had told him.

"Osborne," said Weelum, "did he say that? And I suppose he told you he never touched a drop himself. Oh, but he's an awful liar. Did you notice how frequently he goes into his bedroom?" And James bowed affirmatively. "Well, the old villain has a bottle of Scotch in there. That's why. Do you know that the last time he was in my place he drank up every drop of liquor there was in the house?"

James reproachfully looked at me and silently awaited some sort of an explanation.

"It's true, James, alas, it's only too true," I unblushingly remarked; "but he hasn't told you the whole story. You know what a charming woman Mrs. Stitt is. Now, I leave it to you, James, I leave it to you, what would you do if a lovely woman like Mrs. Stitt

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came up and put her arms around your neck and with tears streaming down her rosy cheeks would say to you: "For goodness' sake, George, drink up all the whiskey there is in this house or William will have the D.T.'s!" "

Mr. Osborne was completely obfuscated, and to the day of his death was undecided whether I was an inveterate liar or William a confirmed drunkard.

—From *Reminiscences of a Raconteur*, by GEORGE H. HAM.
(The Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto).

THIS story about Vice-President T. G. Shaughnessy was current thirty odd years ago. A former friend, Mr. James Wardner, of Wisconsin, called upon General Superintendent Harry Abbott in Vancouver, introduced himself as an old pal of the Vice-President, and asked for transportation to Montreal, adding, "If I cannot get it I'll have to walk." Abbott wired the Vice-President accordingly, asking if he would issue a pass, and received the reply, "Don't let Jim walk." In due time Wardner appeared in the Vice-President's office in Montreal and was greeted with, "Hello, Jim! I'm sorry you had to pay your fare." The other said, "What do you mean? Your telegram to Abbott said, 'Don't let Jim walk,' and I got the pass all right." "That so?" said the V.-P. as his eye twinkled; "the operator must have ignored the punctuation marks altogether; my message read, 'Don't! Let Jim walk!'"

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THE following story, although, like many of the best stories, pretty old, is entitled to a place in this collection: All the way down the line a male passenger of middle age kept the conductor and the two trainmen on edge. He had told them each separately that he wanted to be advised when the train reached Oshkosh, a small intermediate station half way down the line. As all three knew that Oshkosh was his station, no one of the three had any doubt that he would be duly notified in time to enable him to get off there. But unfortunately the train got by before they realized that he had not been told. The conductor pulled the signal cord, stopped the train and backed up to the station, the trainmen meanwhile trying to hustle the passenger into his clothes, while informing him that he had reached his destination. "My destination!" exclaimed the man, "I'm going through to Chicago; my wife told me it would be time for me to take another pill at Oshkosh!"

THE newly appointed Superintendent was making his initial trip over the Havelock sub-division of the Canadian Pacific on the rear of the day express train, accompanied by Roadmaster John Malloy. The latter was calling attention to the fact that the track was full of curves from one end of the sub-division to the other, and that with the few men he was permitted to

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employ it was a most difficult matter to keep it in good condition for high-speed trains. Just then they were passing over a tangent almost two miles long between Tweed and Hungerford, when the Superintendent pointed out that there was some straight track on the sub-division after all. "Yes," said John, "but mighty little of it, and this particular piece was built wan day whin th' construction engineer was laid up in th' hospital, an' whin he got back th' next day he was as mad as h—I about it!"

THIS is a true copy of a letter received from the agent at Burketon, Ont., by the car service agent of the Canadian Pacific at Toronto many years ago:

"I made application several days ago for two stock cars to be shipped from here yesterday with cattle for Toronto, and although I told you that the shippers were bringing their stock a long distance the cars are not here yet and the shippers are furious. This may not appear very important to you, sitting as you are in your nice comfortable office in the Toronto Union Station, but you would feel quite different if you were here, as I am, and having cattle drovers hurling epitaphs at you."

AN aged negro, seated in a passenger car on the O. W. & T. R'y, had dropped asleep and lay back with his mouth open and his tongue well exposed. Seated

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beside him was a commercial traveller, a wag, who conceived the brilliant idea of dropping some quinine from a capsule he had in his pocket on the sleeping man's tongue. This he did deftly and it was not long before the darkey began to scent something wrong. As the full strength of the quinine made itself felt the old man, his eyes bulging with terror, turned to his unsuspected tormentor. "Am yuh a doctah?" he shouted, "Is dar a doctah a'board? Get a doctah fo' me quick, my gall's busted!"

"**S**AY, Mister, is there a train going north near here?" asked a small boy of a railway man at a diamond crossing station. "No, son," replied the man. "Well, is there a train going south?" "No, not just now," said the man. "Well, is there any train going east?" "No, no," said the man. "Well, Mister, is there any train going west?" "No, no!" shouted the man, whose patience was beginning to ebb. "Come on, Jimmy!" called the boy to his chum, "it's safe for us to cross over now!"

IN early days in the distant West some of the superintendents, although good practical railroaders, could not have taken high marks in a grammar examination. A story current twenty-five years ago was to the effect that one of these, upon receiving a letter

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from General Superintendent John M. Egan, discussed the contents with his chief clerk and instructed him to write an answer. That evening he was shown the reply that had been written, and after reading it he said, "Now, Jim, that's a very good letter, but instead of saying in the last sentence, 'I have seen,' I'll correct it to 'I have saw' and then I'll sign it and it can be sent in."

IN Western Canada, shortly after what is known as the twenty-four hour system of time was adopted in railway operation and time-tables, difficulty was experienced in educating the men to converse in the new terms. One afternoon the Superintendent, being in the telegraph office of a station in the Rocky Mountains, asked operator H. J. Parkhill what time a certain train would be along and was told it would arrive about five o'clock. "Five o'clock!" exclaimed the Superintendent; "Not to-morrow morning?" Then Parkhill told him that he should have said "seventeen o'clock." The Superintendent went after him rather hard and told him that the sooner he got old Ontario notions out of his head the better for him. The lesson was not forgotten, for, some weeks later, the Boss was out on a horseback trip with some tourists and sent word to Parkhill that he and his party would arrive about eight o'clock and to arrange to have a good meal ready for them in the dining-room. When the party arrived they found the dining-room dark and no

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preparations made. The Superintendent was furious and wanted to know why supper was not ready as ordered. Parkhill told him that his message did not mention supper, but simply ordered a meal to be ready at eight o'clock, and he didn't suppose the Superintendent meant twenty o'clock when he said eight. The latter hadn't another word to say.

WHEN "Wee Macgregor" was Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific at Edmonton, Alberta, he was accompanying his General Superintendent, J. M. Cameron, over the Red Deer sub-division. A telegram was received announcing the apparently serious illness of D'Alton C. Coleman, at that time the Assistant General Manager of the Western Lines. Now Coleman had already deservedly won both the admiration and the affectionate regard of everybody in the West, and the report was, therefore, a most disquieting one, but especially so to Cameron, who had worked under him and in close association when both were young officers of the Company.

After expressing his great regret he said, "Life is a very strange thing! There was Sir William Whyte, our former Vice-President, and his bosom friend, R. J. Whitla, both cut off before their time; also their mutual friend J. T. Gordon, who had been suffering from bad health for many years. All three were temperate, God-fearing men, exemplary in their conduct

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and life. Now D. C. Coleman is stricken down, while there are a lot of d—— reprobates going about in robest health, who if they had had their deserts would have fizzled out long ago like a twenty-fourth of May squib." "Are you alluding to me?" Mac questioned, and Cameron answered, "Who else does it better fit then you?"

No doubt this kind of talk sounds harsh, but when they were together it was just such conversation that both Cameron and Macgregor most enjoyed.

WHEN that genial wit, W. B. Lanigan, the General Freight Traffic Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was Travelling Freight Agent in Western Ontario, he lived in Galt, where he found many kindred spirits. Like the great apostle, he was ever "all things to all men," and consequently was much sought after by various organizations and societies. It is not known how many succeeded in enrolling him as a member, but it has been stated that he was approached by practically all of the secret societies, religious, patriotic and benevolent. Naturally he was a member of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, but this did not interfere with his holding a high position in the Caledonian Society as well.

The latter was holding an initiation meeting, and Billy was officiating as chairman. Everything was going along merrily as one new member after another

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was received, each being welcomed with a felicitous little speech in the chairman's happiest vein. Then a braw young Scot, after having been received, began to make a speech, starting with, "Weel, freends, I hae jist arrived fra' bonny Scoatlan'," when Billy interrupted with the remarkable statement, "Scotland, eh? Well, you're the only Scotchman in the room!" It is understood that this occurrence wrecked what was regarded as one of the strongest Caledonian societies in Canada.

TERENCE O'FLANNIGAN had been hired to assist the station-master. As the train arrived he called out, "Change here for Limerick, Galwayan Mayo!" The station master shouted to him, "Haven't I told you to sing out the stations clearly and distinctly? Remember, now—sing 'em out." "I will, sor," said Terence. When the next train came in this is what the passengers heard him sing:

"Sweet dreamland faces,
Passing to and fro,
Change here for Limerick,
Galway and Mayo!"

—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

SOME twenty years ago a clever claims agent on a western railway was on hand a very short time after an accident occurred to a passenger train, and made

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exceptionally good settlements for his company with some passengers who had been injured.

Travelling on the train was a famous Australian doctor, who rendered valuable assistance in taking care of the injured. He had a slight cut on his wrist, and as the claims agent was afraid it might develop into something more serious later on, he thought it would be advisable to make some kind of a settlement with him so as to have him sign a release. The Doctor made light of the injury and refused to entertain the idea of accepting any money from the Company; but the claims agent contended that inasmuch as he had been injured on a train of his company he was clearly entitled to some compensation, and he was most insistent, adding, "When you return to Australia our people would like this unfortunate occurrence to be entirely obliterated from your mind and that you should remember only the pleasant incidents of your journey." The Doctor remained obdurate for a long time, but after further persuasion said, "Oh! very well, sir, let me have a cheque for twenty-five dollars and we will forget all about it," when the agent, true to his ruling passion for favorable settlements, replied, "Don't you think, Doctor, you could make it fifteen?"

"And ever again in the wink of an eye
Painted stations whistle by!

—R. L. STEVENSON.

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THE section foreman, walking over his section in the early afternoon, found one of his extra men fast asleep under a maple tree. Eyeing the man with a stern smile he said slowly, "Shlape on! shlape on, ye idle spalpane; so long as ye be ashlape ye've got a job; but whin ye wake up ye'll be out uv wurruk!"

A PARTY of drummers were discussing the speed of certain trains of which they had some knowledge. One of them told of a western train that went so fast that the telephone poles looked like a picket-fence. Another went him one better by substituting a fine tooth comb for the fence. Another told of an arrangement he had made under which his wife was to be at the home station when a certain train on which he proposed to travel would be going by, and in passing he was to give her a kiss. She was on the platform all right, and they both got their mouths properly puckered for the usual juxtaposition of lips, but the train had acquired such a terrific speed that, instead of kissing his wife as intended, he kissed the nose of a colored woman who was standing on the platform at the next station, some miles distant. "Gentlemen," said the Kansas man, "I once travelled on an express train that took the cake. We were going through a farming country. First we would pass through a large field of corn, and then we would pass an acre or two

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of beans. That seemed to be all they raised in that section of the country. Well, sir, that train got to going so fast in one place that the whole landscape resembled nothing but succotosh!"

"NOW," said Sammy Blumenthal, the irrepressible, "I am going to propound a conundrum. No. 234 left the Windsor Street Station, Montreal, with six cars, lifted two at Farnham, dropped one at Magog and two at Megantic; what was the name of the conductor?" Nobody caring to get fooled by Sammy, there was dead silence. So Sammy volunteered the information that his name was Flanagan. "Why Flanagan?" asked one of his auditors, and Sammy informed him that this was because his father's name was Flanagan!

THE following advertisement appeared in a daily paper several years ago:

WANTED—A young man for work in our Audit Department; must be an experienced stenographer and typewriter and good at figures. Salary to start \$5.00 per week. Address, General Auditor, _____ Railway.

One of the applications read as follows:

Dear Sir:—

I beg to offer myself as an applicant for the position advertised this morning. I am a young man, 37 years of age, have had 23 years of railroad experience with some

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of the biggest transportation companies on the continent, and feel confident, if you will give me a trial, I can prove my worth to you. I am not only an expert stenographer and typewriter, proficient accountant, excellent telegrapher, and erudite college graduate, but have several other accomplishments which may make me desirable. I am an experienced snow-shoveller, a first-class peanut roaster, have some knowledge of removing superfluous hair, clipping puppies' ears, have a medal for reciting, "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," am a skilled chiropodist, and a practical farmer. Can cook, take care of horses, crease trousers, open oysters and repair umbrellas, and am also the champion plug tobacco chewer of Pennsylvania, my spitting record being 38 feet.

Being possessed of great physical beauty, I would not be useful only, but would be ornamental as well, lending to the sacred precincts of your office that delightful charm that a Satsuma vase or a stuffed billy goat would. My beard being quite extensive and luxuriant, my face could be used for a pen-wiper and a feather duster.

I can furnish high recommendations from Chauncey Depew, Jacob J. Coxey, Kaiser Wilhelm, Captain Clark, the Prime Minister of Dahomey and the Ahkoond of Swat.

As to salary, I would feel that I was robbing the widowed and swiping sponge cake from the orphaned if I were to take advantage of your munificence by accepting the fabulous sum of \$5.00 per week, and would be entirely willing to give my services for less, and by accepting the sum of \$2.75 per week would give you an opportunity of not only increasing your donation to your church, paying your butcher, and keeping your life insured, but also to found a home for indigent fly-paper salesmen, and endow a free bed in the cat's home. Really, old man, your unheard of bounty borders on the super-

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natural, and to the unsophisticated must appear like reckless extravagance.

Can call any night after ten o'clock, or can be seen Sunday morning in the loft of the church on Broad and Dock Streets, where I am employed as first organ-blower and understudy to the janitor.

Respectfully,

.....

WHEN Tim Riordan was roadmaster at Regina he bought a farm in the Carrot River district, away up in the northern part of Saskatchewan, and in order to give the boys some idea of the productivity of the soil he said to them, "Whin the toime comes to dig a well, all I'll have to do will be to plant a wee bit of a car-rott and in a few wakes it will roipen, and whin I pull it up me well will be all riddy to draw wather out ov it!"

W. H. SNELL, of Vancouver, vouches for the truth of the following story:

A number of years ago the chief representative of a railroad agency in Boston, Mass., had heard so much from headquarters about the necessity for exercising the most rigid economy that, in endeavoring to carry out the Company's wishes, he went so far as to personally make small repairs required in the office rather than incur the expense of hiring workmen. In the in-

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terests of greater efficiency and economy of time it was decided to install a system of electric bells and buzzers to summon the clerks from the different parts of the office to the chief's desk. After calling for tenders and receiving six or eight, the chief considered that they were all far too high and decided to undertake the work himself. So, after providing the necessary wire, staples, tape, buzzers, bells, etc., he remained in the office after the close of the business day to complete the work. About one o'clock in the morning he began making tests, but, greatly to his chagrin, found that the buttons were not properly connected with the corresponding bells. However, after much labor and many readjustments, the system was installed to his satisfaction. As it was very late when he reached home he did not reach the office the following day until almost noon. In the meantime a large, blustering man stamped into the office and demanded to see the boss, and, greatly to his disgust, had a long wait. When the chief finally arrived the stranger demanded in a belligerent tone of voice whether any electrical work had been done recently in the office. The chief, drawing himself up and expanding his chest, said with considerable pride, "Yes, I fixed up some electric bells and buzzers last night myself." "Yes," was the response, "you made a nice job of it, too. I am the manager of the district service, and this morning I find that two hundred of our subscribers have been cut out altogether by your amateurish work."

THE PULLMAN TUMBLER

“ **H**AVE you loitered in the smoking-room of a palace
sleeping-car,
Keeping tab upon the water-tank as you smoke your last
cigar?

Have you observed the tumbler? Has it occurred to you
The many different uses the people put it to?

Here's a fellow with a colic, his face is pale and drawn,
Pours paregoric in it, and bids his pain begone.

Next comes a bilious drummer, who at the tumbler halts,
And fills the vessel blithely with a slug of Epsom salts.

He's followed by a person with a customary whim
That a seidlitz powder nightly is just the thing for him.

And on his heels comes someone who fancies something
hot,

And takes a swig of Radway to touch the chilly spot.

One takes a morphine tablet, which the tumbler has to
drown;

And another drinks a bumper to help a blue pill down.

One mixes up a gargle, and one a lemon squash;
Another gives his mouth a bath, and then his teeth a
wash.

One cleans his fountain pen thereat; another, then and
there,

Takes a bottle from his pocket—a mixture for the hair.

He puts a spoonful in the glass; a thousand miles from
home,

At sixty miles an hour, he makes his own seafoam.

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And twenty-seven other men at various stages try
To send themselves to dreamland with a thimbleful of
rye.

And just as many other chaps—you may count them if
you watch—
Will use that willing tumbler for a thimbleful of Scotch.

You may talk of golden beakers, you may boast of pewter
mugs,

You may chortle over tankards, and rave of silver jugs ;

But there's not a drinking vessel in restaurant or bar
That's in it with the tumbler of a palace sleeping-car."

WHEN PHYLLIS DRANK.

BEFORE aseptic paper cups came in, all passengers
Drank from one glass their cordial, their epsom or
liqueurs.

And in these days I well recall a sad experience,
Which could not happen had the train used cups or I
some sense.

All day upon a sleeping-car I watched a lovely girl
Till every moment saw my thoughts spin in a madder
whirl.

When Phyllis drank—awed I beheld her throat's sweet
undulations
And wished that I might be the glass to hold her clear
potations.

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In fact, when she had gone away I snatched the crystal
goblet,
And madly pressed my lips where she had laid her own
upon it.

Alas, no kiss she left therein for me in bliss to hold,
The only thing that happened was I caught her beastly
cold.

If Phyllis were what Phyllis seemed, I s'pose she'd not
have used
The glass where every passenger's pet germs were all
confused.

Thank fortune for aseptic cups, which railways wise
provide,
If Phyllis had been coming down with fever I'd have
died.

—A. B. CALDER

PADDY COAKLEY, the roadmaster, had a considerable quantity of new rail to lay in the track between Toronto and London during the summer of 1921, and the class of labor sent him for the work, in Paddy's estimation, was much below par. However, Paddy is at his very best under just such circumstances. The following are a few of the choice passages overheard while the work was in progress:

"Shuve! shuve!! Divil a bit good are ye at all, at all. I don't belave yez could shuve a jackass off ov the Grand River bridge."

"Lift that rail, will yiz? Up wid it! Here, ye red-

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headed beauty, kape away from the cintre and git a-holt uv the ind an' the cintre will go up by itself."

"Plaise, Mr. Superintindint, can't yiz get me some whoite min, sorr? I've troid iverything I can tink ov to make thim divils wor-rk. I've given thim cigarrettes an' called thim by their furst names, but divil a bit ov good has it done at all, sorr. I shpose I'll have to shtart an' guv thim a cup of tay in their beds now before they git up in the marnins."

"Here, ye black-hearted gypsies, grab a-holt ov that rail, will yiz? Bend yer backs; bend thim, I sez. Why the divil don't yiz lave off yer corsets before yiz come to wor-rk in the marnins?"

SPECIAL trains were being run out to a nearby County Fair. The crowds were immense and a line of people extended from the ticket window away out on to the street. Then the ticket agent told the next to be served that no more tickets could be sold for the train about to leave, as the accommodation was already over-taxed. One man, about the sixth back, hearing the announcement, let go a string of oaths, and then, turning around, noticed that the man next behind him was wearing a clergyman's garb. He apologized profusely, assured the reverend gentleman that he would not have used such language had he known a clergyman was within hearing, and added, "You know I'm the kind of a fellow who calls a spade a spade." But

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the supposed clergyman retorted, "Oh, no, you are not; you are the kind of a fellow who calls a spade a —— shovel!"

JIM DAVIDSON, of Calgary, Alberta, when he was President of the Crown Lumber Company some years ago, was called upon to speak at a Canadian Pacific banquet, and this is the kind of stuff he worked off:

"There has been a great change in the C.P.R. since the old days. During that happy period long past the railway was run, not according to a time-table, but by the calendar. It was not a question as to whether the 2.10 train would arrive at 2.20, but whether or not the Christmas train would be in by New Year's Day. There was no special inconvenience about this, as the train used to stay so long at a station that persons who had been thinking somewhat of taking a trip had time to make up their minds after the train reached town.

"Passengers were then generally divided into two classes—those who traveled on a pass, and those who had a more or less satisfactory working arrangement with the conductor. The conductor was generally fair with the railway, for after collecting the fares he used to go into the baggage-car, throw the money up to the ceiling, and all that caught on the bell-rope was sent in to the treasurer.

"Now, every railroad man knows how difficult it is to please those who travel on passes; consequently, it was not unnatural that many people were dissatis-

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fied. In Regina, for instance, in the early days, an organization was put into existence to provide funds to buy a gold watch for the first engineer who brought his train in on time. One of the citizens, who had his coal office near the right-of-way, used to watch the trains and give the signal by ringing the fire-bell. There was no uneasiness about using the fire-bell, because one could put out a fair-sized fire after the train had arrived and yet get to the station before it had pulled out. After some years of waiting the great event at last occurred. Train No. 1 pulled in at twenty-three thirty, which was identical with the time-table. The delegation gathered at the station and with much formality and a fitting speech of appreciation presented the engineer with the gold watch. After the deputation had departed the engineer rushed down the platform and stopped them. "Dear friends," he said, with tears in his eyes, "I can't accept this gift, though the Lord knows I need a good watch. I am a railway man, but I am a Christian, and I must return your gift. True, I came into the station according to the time-table, but, alas, I am just twenty-four hours late."

IT was a great surprise when Harry Crane, one of the engineering staff, who was seldom known to accept responsibility, but instead was credited with being most skilful in evading it, announced that he had graduated into the ranks of the Benedicts. Later on it

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was a still greater surprise to hear that the events leading up to the happy consummation had succeeded each other with a rapidity not at all characteristic of Harry's way of doing things. But some affirm that during the marriage ceremony his mind momentarily resumed its normal attitude, for when asked the inevitable question, "Dost thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife, etc.," he responded: "I'll talk the matter over with the Chief Engineer and let you know later!"

"**BETTER** keep your head inside the window!" said the conductor.

"I kin look out the winder if I want to!" the youth responded, with a wink at his companions.

"Sure you can," answered the conductor, "but if you damage any of the iron-work of the bridges you'll have to pay for it."

—*N. Y. Nocturne.*

A BROKEN angle-bar caused a passenger train to leave the rails when passing over a high embankment. The day coaches rolled over on their sides and two of the passengers, a small man and a large woman, were amongst those who were disgorged from one of the cars. They were precipitated down the embankment, bumping into one another all the way down the declivity. When the bottom was reached the man was underneath the woman with the life almost crushed out of

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him. While endeavoring to recover her breath and to regain her feet, these words, faintly spoken, were borne in upon her, "I'm afraid, madam, you will have to get off here, as this is as far as I go!"

AFTER LONGFELLOW.

THE shades of night were falling fast;
A fool stepped on it and flew past.
A crash! He died without a sound;
They opened up his head and found—Excelsior!

—*Cincinnati Far-Cry.*

WHEN the Canadian Pacific between Montreal and Toronto was a new railway, Paddy Coakley was section-foreman at North Toronto, and in winter was always pressed into snowplow service when there was any necessity for snow-fighting between Toronto and Havelock. In those days the plows were rather light and were apt to leave the track where the snow had packed into the flange, especially at highway crossings. About four o'clock one morning Paddy was handling the plow running ahead of the Montreal-Toronto night express when it jumped the track, and when it came to rest it was down an embankment, having turned completely around, and was now facing right about, in the direction of Havelock, but standing upright on

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its wheels. When the Superintendent arrived on the scene he found Paddy to be unhurt and in his usual good humor, and asked him what was the first thing he said when the plow was jumping through the air. His reply was, "Say? I didn't have a chance to say annything but 'Hell, Mary!'"

MARSH. BROWN, Division Freight Agent of the Canadian Pacific at Toronto, was stranded in Chatham, Ont., one Sunday, and decided to attend the little colored Baptist Church. He was the only white person present. The sermon contained an eloquent plea for funds to assist in the work of the church, and when the plate was passed Marsh. deposited on it a nice, clean, crisp dollar bill. The parson saw the liberal contribution, and in his closing prayer, after thanking the Lord for many other things, added, "and we does tank Thee, Lor', for sending dis timely succour into our midst dis mohning."

TIM RIORDAN leaped into the limelight during the trackmen's strike in 1900. His elder brother Jerry was the roadmaster at Winnipeg, with jurisdiction on the sub-division on which Tim was employed. A few days after the strike was ordered Jerry found his way into the office of the General Superintendent and

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reported that there was not a solitary sectionman at work on the entire sub-division. "Well," said Mr. Leonard, "what do you think we ought to do?" "Aw, I dunno at all, at all, but I tink per-raps if I was to appint me brother Tim, the siction foreman at Manny-tou, to the position ov assistant rhoadmaster, he jest moight get some of de bhoys back to worruck." Mr. Leonard agreed to the suggestion, and the following telegram was sent:

T. RIORDAN,
Manitou.

You are appointed assistant roadmaster.

J. RIORDAN.

And in a few minutes the following reply came back:

J. RIORDAN,
Winnipeg.

I am not.

T. RIORDAN.

IN the early days a certain General Superintendent instituted a campaign with the object of economy in the use of fuel on locomotives and secured alike the co-operation of officers and men. One day W. K. Thompson, one of his divisional superintendents, informed him that since the campaign began he had succeeded in reducing the consumption of coal on his Division by fifteen per cent. The General Superintendent said, "That's fine! How did you do it?"

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Thompson replied, "By using another pint of oil," to which his superior returned, "Don't you think you could save the pint of oil?"

THE letter of which the following reprint is a copy, it will be seen, was dated as far back as 1835, and was addressed to Mr. Horatio Allen, who was then representing the Claims' Department of the South Carolina Railroad. The same kind of a story has been told thousands of times since then, but it is doubtful if ever more graphically. The letter emphasizes the fact that human nature was much the same ninety years ago as it is now, and that railroads never have been an un-mixed blessing:

"Addressed to The Hon'r'l Maj'r Allen of Charleston, S.C.:

State of South Caroline, Orangeburg District,

To the rail road and company:

I have again taken the opertunety of riting to know if you received my letter dated the 11 wich I heir giv you to under stand that your steam carr have killid a Fine young cow for me wich left a calf a few days old wich perished for want of its mother wich cow was killed the 7 of February also a bout two weeks before this I had a fine sheap yew mashed to death on the road wich left a fine lam wich also perished and died for its motr. I asked Mr. Roeth his advise a bout it he told me I should get two men that knew the cow and value her as if on oath wich men have said she wer worth twenty Dolars also your road have went throo my Land with out my leaf I leave it to your chois pay me for my cow and sheap

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or moove your road round my field you have burnt my fens and I want my fens maid as soon as posibel I lived in peace before your rail road came throo my land you promised to make a bridge in my field wich has not bin don I wish an answer or my money as soon as posibel Mr. Allen.

March the 16, 1835.

JOHN W. FAIRY two miles
below branchvil.

LEADING by the hand a boy who looked to be about twelve years old, a well-dressed woman attempted to pass through the gate at one of the Erie stations in New Jersey with but one ticket, which was for herself. The ticket-chopper halted her stately progress and asked:

"How old is the young man?"

"The child is not yet five," said the woman, sweetly.

"Five?" returned the stunned ticket taker, "you'd better buy him long pants and a safety razor when he is six!"

—*New York Evening Post.*

FRANK MINGAY, for many years an accountant in the general offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was threatened with a nervous breakdown, and under instructions from his doctor he went to Florida to recuperate. Being alone, he suffered terribly from lone-

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liness and homesickness. The only thing to remind him of home and a society separate from and totally unlike what he was obliged to tolerate in the little Florida town in which he was existing was the railroad. But because of the composition of the trains, there being so few Canadian cars, they appeared to mock him and increase his misery-producing nostalgia. However, day by day he visited the railway station, and finally one morning a freight train came along and stopped with a C.P.R. box-car standing directly opposite the station building. Frank hailed it as a welcome friend from home. He stood close beside it, felt all around it with his hands, climbed inside and sat down on the floor until the train started to move away, when he bade the old car an affectionate farewell, jumped out and returned disconsolately to his hotel.

JOHN GUNNING was a popular old-time locomotive engineer on the Canadian Pacific, Ontario District, and was known by everybody. One of his peculiar characteristics was the habitual use of the expression, "I'm a sayin'," and following it with a strange sniffing like one taking snuff.

The master mechanic was trying to make a fuel record, and one day when riding on a train on which John was the engineer he noticed immense volumes of black smoke pouring out of the stack of the "287". He told John that an unwarranted waste of coal was the re-

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sult, and that if he would only carry out the rules which had been issued black smoke would be eliminated and nothing but white smoke would be visible. John's answer was, "It's white smoke you want! I'm a sayin' it's white smoke you want!" (sniff). "We will have to whitewash the coal; I'm a sayin', whitewash the coal!" (sniff).

IN December of 1924 George Ham was laid up and under the Doctor's care. He had a desire for some raw oysters, and upon asking the Doctor if he might indulge in a few, the latter demurred and remarked, "Don't you know that it takes four hours to digest raw oysters?" "Well," George retorted, "what if it does? I've got lots of time, haven't I?"

BEFORE the South-Eastern Railway was absorbed by the Canadian Pacific a trip was being made over the portion of the line between Montreal and Farnham, on a way-freight train, by John Dodsworth, the Vice-President of the Railway. Arriving at an intermediate station, the agent was found to be over in the town on a matter of business, and while Jim Boyle, the conductor, who is now one of the Company's divisional superintendents, was employed in looking after the handling of some packages of freight between the shed and the cars, Dodsworth sought to engage the agent's wife in conversation. As the good

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lady did not understand English, and as French was a foreign language to him, no progress could be made until the conductor appeared in the office.

The woman was surrounded by seven children and had an eighth in her arms. She was a slatternly, unkempt creature, and the office, waiting-room, and her numerous progeny were alike the reverse of cleanly. Dodsworth, on the other hand, was immaculate in person and fastidious in dress, and naturally the sight before him was a revolting one. He therefore instructed Jim to tell the woman that he had never seen such a dirty station, such a slovenly woman, and such a lot of filthy children in his life. Jim talked to her about the station and about the work and asked her when she expected her husband to return. When she replied, Dodsworth, thinking she was making some comment on his criticism, asked what she had said. His disgust may be imagined when the imperturbable Jim replied that she merely wanted Mr. Dodsworth to kiss her sweet little baby!

DAN ROBERTSON, a stalwart, rawboned Scot, was general yardmaster at Smith's Falls in the '90's. At that time the facilities were inadequate, and a condition of chronic congestion was the result. Dan was a most voluble character, but always interesting. He was able to discourse with equal fluency in seven different languages, and when employing English—or

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rather, broad Scotch—his conversation was replete with quotations drawn from almost every classical writer, but chiefly from Shakespeare and the Bible, with a judicious admixture of Latin phrases.

When Frank Martyn doffed the commanding uniform of a passenger conductor and donned the modest attire of an officer, he arrived at Smith's Falls from the Farnham Division to assume the duties of trainmaster. Dan was introduced to him and gave him considerable information about the work and the men over whom he was to have jurisdiction; but Dan's thoughts were out in the yard, where he knew full well that the congestion was fast reaching an acute stage, so, excusing himself, he soon got into the thick of the struggle, issuing orders and helping out personally by turning an occasional switch.

The new trainmaster, eager for more information, soon went in search of him, and when he located him interrupted a verbal torrent to ask how everything was going around Smith's Falls. Dan told him that the "whole *modus operandi* was busted;" that to keep traffic moving through the yard was like pulling a Bengalese tiger through the main thoroughfare of a modern metropolis, and that the task of Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, in leading his benighted hordes of Ethiopians over the summits of the Alps was but child's play in comparison. "Moreover," added Dan, "a man might as well enter the Stygian darkness of a negro's cellar on an inky night without any artificial light to find a black cat that isn't there as to try to

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satisfy the 'powers that be.' " Frank, bewildered, hurried to the chief dispatcher's office to get George Spencer's opinion of the general yardmaster's mental condition.

"PLUS CA CHANGE, PLUS C'EST LA MEMEE
CHOSE."

O TRAVELLERS who journey here,
How can you be so blind?
You sing Louise's waters clear,
With snowy peaks behind,
Lake Mirror and Lake Agnes high,
Yet o'er them like a star
There towers up into the sky
The mighty C.P.R.

It stretches from the Great Divide
North, South and East and West,
Along the mountain's wooded side,
The glacier's icy crest;
The lake, the chalet and the tree,
The carriage and the car,
All bear the magic mark you see,
The famous C.P.R.

The rabbit squeaks upon the hill,
The eagle flaps her wings,
The marmot whistles by the rill,
The spotted throistle sings;
The watchdog barks, the pony neighs,
In his vernacular,
Each in his language taught to praise
The glorious C.P.R.

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Then come from North and come from South,
And come from East and West;
Let words of praise be in your mouth,
And shekels in your vest;
Blest be the traveller who spends,
And flings his dollars far
To help to swell the dividends
Of the glorious C.P.R.

L'Envoi.

The annotated guide I've read,
The folders I have seen,
And every advertisement spread
In every magazine.
And now that I the road can trace
Through Heaven's gates afar,
I'm going to the other place,
Where there is no C.P.R.

—Found written in the *Visitors' Book* at Lake Louise.

BEFORE the great war the Duke of Sutherland, accompanied by Lord Charles Beresford, was out in Alberta looking over his holdings beyond the town of Brooks. On one of their trips it is said the following incident occurred. The noble Lord was sitting in the front seat by the driver, and His Grace was behind, having with him Bill Glocking, the engineer on the Canadian Pacific irrigation work in that district. Some prairie chickens rose and flew to the west, and the Duke, who had a gun with him, raised and fired it off, bringing down one of the birds. He then said to

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Glocking, "Run over, my man, and get that chicken for me!" But Hugh resented the order and asked him if he took him for a d—— retriever. His Grace went and got the bird without making any comment whatever, and after the incident was over and the car had been travelling again for some considerable time, Lord Charles chuckled audibly, waved his hand in the air and exclaimed, "Haw! haw! served him jolly well right!"

ONE day a Methodist bishop was preparing to leave a train at a station in West Virginia. The colored porter appeared with intent to brush him off.

"Are you ready, Colonel?" said the porter.

"I am ready, but I am not a colonel," said the bishop.

"All right then, Jedge."

"But I am not a judge, either."

"Well, boss, would you mind tellin' me what are you?"

"I am a Methodist bishop."

"Dar, I jest knowed you was some kind of a face card!"

ONE night, many years ago, two freight trains met "head on" on the long grade on the Canadian Pacific east of Galt. In conducting the investigation into the

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cause of the accident, the Superintendent, Tom Williams, adopted the plan sometimes followed of requesting each witness to tell in his own words all the facts in connection with the accident known to him. Trainman Murphy, the "head-end" man on the westbound train, gave his evidence in a fine rich brogue, as follows:

"Well, Mr. Williams, 'tis moighty little Oi' can tell yiz. Our thrain was on the down grad aiste o' Galt, jest thravellin' along as noice as ye plaze, and Oi was a 'settin' on the top ov a refrigerattor car-r comfortable loike, wid me two fate a' danglin' over the soide, whin all to wunst Oi heard a divil ov a scrame from an ingyne Oi knowed moighty well wasn't ours. Oi twusted me hidd around an' roight furninst me Oi shpied a hidd loight. Wid that Oi jumped up on moi two fate and sez Oi to meself, 'Murphy,' sez Oi, 'this is no place fer ye.' So Oi ups and jumps down, and, thanks be, Oi lit on de ground widdout bein' much hurted—an' divil a bit more do Oi know."

"SUPPOASE that this 'ere hinjoine,"
The rookie trainman cries,
"Should jump the track 'fore we get back
An' run along the ties;
Suppoase she'd tumble down the bank
When syve oursel's we cuddent?"
"Aw, blow me hyes," the Con. replies,
"Suppoase again she shuddent."

THE Boards of Trade of the Prairie Provinces were holding a convention at Prince Albert, Sask. William Cousins, of Medicine Hat, known over all the West simply as "Bill," was present, and running across Jim Brownlee, who was then the Canadian Pacific Superintendent at Moose Jaw, he suggested that they go up to the hotel, where he would like Jim and two friends from Toronto who were with him to see some wild animals the proprietor was collecting to send over to his uncle in Scotland. Brownlee said that nothing would suit him better, as he was anxious that his friends should see everything of interest there was to be seen. After they had had their dinner they were taken out behind the hotel, where there were three large kennels. After the proprietor had pulled at a rope leading from the first kennel for awhile, he went to the rear and, giving the kennel a few kicks, a great brown bear walked out. The same methods being pursued at the second kennel, an immense black bear made his appearance. The owner then expressed his doubt as to the wisdom of disturbing the occupant of the other kennel, a vicious lynx that had already killed one man, a citizen of Saskatoon. Bill, however, reminded him that on the previous day they had taken certain precautions and had succeeded in getting the great cat out and in again without anybody getting hurt. The proprietor was willing to risk it if the gentlemen would arm themselves with clubs, which were kept on hand for the purpose. So, having secured the weapons,

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they stood in front of the kennel with the clubs up-raised ready to brain the lynx should he attempt to make a spring at them. The owner then pulled at a heavy rope, but his efforts to induce the animal to come out appeared to be ineffectual. He then went to the back of the kennel, and after kicking vigorously at it he once more grabbed the rope, gave sundry vociferous shouts and a few sturdy pulls and finally drew out a couple of iron car-coupling links. Those who knew Jim Brownlee will appreciate the expression on his face at the outcome of the joke and will have some idea of what he had to say.

A WOMAN entered a railway train crowded with winter tourists and happened to take a seat in front of a newly-married couple. She was barely seated when they began making remarks about her, which some of the other passengers must have heard.

Her last year's bonnet and cloak were volubly criticized, with more or less giggling on the bride's part, and there is no telling what might have followed if the woman had not put a sudden end to the conversation by a bit of clever feminine strategy. She had noticed that the groom was considerably younger than the bride, and turning around she said in her smoothest tones: "Madam, will you please have your son remove his feet from the back of my seat?"

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SUPERINTENDENT TOM FLETT arrived at Elkhorn, Sask., one morning and noticed that Conductor Zapp, while putting the north-bound way-freight together, was wearing the trousers belonging to his passenger train uniform. Upon being asked why he was wearing them he informed the Superintendent that he was trying to wear them out. He was told that they were to be worn only when he was engaged in passenger service, and that should he repeat the offence he would be given some demerit marks, commonly called in railway parlance, "Brownies." He then instructed him to turn his car and attach it to the train he was making up. Zapp went up to the station, and this is the order he shouted to his two trainmen, "Hi! take the handbox, turn it on the merry-go-round, hitch it to the cab, and be careful you don't shake any Brownies out of it!"

A RAILWAY running out of Chicago had an experience with horses. A yardforeman and an assistant found that one of twenty horses in a cattle car in transit had fallen down and was being trampled by the others. There is a rule on the railroads that whenever animals fall in a car something must be done about it. The humane thing to be done was to help the fallen horse, and the yardforeman was humane. So, with the assistant, he opened the door of the car,

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led the nineteen horses out, and put the fallen one on its feet.

Then they started to put the horses back. It took quite awhile. The car was finally as crowded as a movie house on Saturday night. "There, that's done," said the assistant. But it wasn't. Five horses still on the outside were looking anxiously from him to the stock car.

"You haven't had experience at this sort of thing," said the foreman. "I'll put this car together again." So the fifteen horses were once more led out of the car and the foreman began his demonstration. He won. That is, he got all twenty horses into the car. "Shall I close the door?" asked the assistant. "No, not yet," shouted the expert in horse handling. He was still in the car, and the horses in milling about had made him a prisoner. By the time the horses had been led out of the car and returned the third time, the railroaders were prepared to call it a day.

—*Chicago Herald.*

A VIGOROUS lady of the elephantine type appeared at the ticket-wicket of a Canadian Pacific station a short time ago and asked for a ticket to Van-
kleek Hill. The thin, pallid-faced clerk enquired laconically, "Single?" With a look of withering scorn and resentment the lady replied, "It ain't none of your business whether I'm single, married or a widder. I might of been married a dozen of times if I had felt

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like perviding fer a lazy, shiftless, good-fer-nuthin' shrivelled up bit o' a man like you." He sold her a single.

THERE was a long, angular trainmaster located at Field, B.C., many years ago, a man with an extensive vocabulary of big words, which, moreover, he used with an utter disregard as to fitness.

One day, in a burst of confidence, he told Jeff Lydiatt he was determined that his daughter should have a "bang-up eddication," and that he purposed sending her to "one of the most fashionable female *cemetaries* in Eastern Canada, where they could learn her music and *litrachure*." He added, "You should hear that girl thump the piano; *she* knows how to *im-poverish* music."

Fred Alexander, the District Engineer at Calgary, was in Field one morning and heard the trainmaster giving his clerk a "calling down" for failing to extinguish the lights when closing the office the previous night. "Don't you know," he shouted, "that permitting the lights to burn all night wastes not only lamps, but it wastes *elocution* as well? Only for my *internal* vigilance 'round here everything would go to ruin."

There was a typhoid epidemic at Field, attributed to the impurity of the milk. A guest at the Canadian Pacific hotel got into conversation with the trainmaster, and learning that he was connected with the Company in an official capacity, asked if he considered it

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quite safe to use the milk, and received the reply, "Now, sir, set your mind at rest, because I can assure you that every drop of milk used here is *paralyzed* by the Government *anarchist*."

HOW LAUGHTER CAME TO CANADA.

THE Lord one day in a happy mood
Made Canada—mound, and plain and wood,
The sounding cataract and the lake,
On whose blue borders the poplars shake.
"Tis good!" said the Lord and took His rest,
But soon in the wilderness felt opprest.

Blest He the woods then with bird and beast;
With thunder of hooves He filled the West,
Set the Red man forth on a generous trail.
"Be glad!" He commanded—without avail,
For the Indian sulked in a dread surmise,
And something was wanting in God's eyes.

At a breath the buffalo ceased to be,
The fire died down in the brave's tepee;
White men ploughed o'er the prairie flowers,
Smiling not even in leisure hours,
For their minds were on foolish futilities set,
And God saw something was wanting yet.

Long thought the Lord, and one bright day
He made Him a man of His spit and clay,
And set him forth in the sun to dry
In a place where waters went rippling by.
Said the Lord, "Be laughter wherever you are;
Stand forth, George Ham of the C.P.R."

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So wherever the C.P.R. lines run,
From Montreal to the setting sun,
If there be folk who are tired and sad
They will welcome George, the perennial lad,
Georgius Rex, true King of Smiles,
Who carries laughter ten thousand miles!

—NEIL MUNRO.

DURING a carters' and teamsters' strike in an American city some years ago it was found necessary to place an embargo on all inbound freight and express shipments for a short period. A provision dealer, being absolutely out of Limburger cheese, made an exceedingly attractive offer for a large consignment on the condition that it would reach its destination within four days from the time the order was accepted. A manufacturer located about two hundred miles distant undertook to fill the order, but finding that it could not be shipped by rail, he bought a shell for a coffin, in which he placed the cheese, and screwing the lid down securely, he purchased a ticket for himself and one for a corpse and started off with his unsavory consignment.

Judging by the malodorousness of the Limburger, it was of a superior quality. The train-baggage man spent most of the time on the trip with his head thrust out through the car door. Arriving at his destination the "mourner" appeared on the station platform opposite the car door wearing crepe on his hat and looking forlorn and heart-broken. After transferring the

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"corpse" to a truck, the baggageman stepped down to the platform and, sideling up to him, said in a sympathetic voice, "Your father?" "No, he was my brother," was the sad reply. "Well," said the baggageman, "I deeply sympathize with you, but it may be some slight satisfaction for you to know that he is ~~not~~ in a trance!"

PROF. JAMES MAVOR, in his delightful work, "My Window on the Street of the World," already quoted from, tells the following story about Sir William Van Horne:

"One night in winter he (Sir William Van Horne) was waiting at a junction for a train. He walked up and down the platform for exercise, with the collar of his fur coat round his ears and his fur cap closely drawn, almost covering his face. He was quite unrecognizable, and no one knew of his presence. Two brakemen came and sat down on a truck on the platform. As Van Horne passed them he gathered that one was an old and the other a new hand. The old hand asked the new one on what route he had been placed. The old hand then asked if he took a sleep between certain distantly separated stations. The new hand said that he did not. The old hand then told him that when he was on that route he had always taken a sleep between these stations, that the route on which he was now placed offered a similar advantage, and that he always had a sleep between certain sta-

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tions, which he named. Van Horne's train came in and he left the brakemen on the platform without their suspecting that they had been overheard by anyone, least of all by the General Manager. When he reached Montreal he was able to learn the name of the brakeman who was the old hand. That night he wrote a telegram to the following effect: 'Conductor Train No.—at—Station. (Not to be opened until the train is halfway to the next following station.) Go into the caboose immediately. You will find John — asleep. Wake him up and show him this telegram. Van Horne.' The charm worked. Both the conductor and the brakeman were thoroughly frightened."

THE SONG OF THE RAILWAY TRAIN.

THERE'S many a song in this queer old world,
The grand chorale of the sea,
The song of the Spring to leaves unfurled
At the tops of the wakening trees;
The fugue of the rippling waterfall,
The swishing lilt of the rain—
But the strangest, weirdest song of all
Is the song of the railway train.

Clank and clatter and clang and scream—
The song mankind has made;
Wild and weird as a nightmare dream,
Song of commerce and trade;

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By day and night, for woe and weal,
The railway train speeds on,
Over the glimmering lines of steel
Which bind the lands in one.

Through the smoky station's midnight gloom
Mysterious signals glow;
Up on the bridge strange figures loom,
Hurrying to and fro;
Hark! in the distance a throbbing drone
Swells to a roaring din,
And slowing down with a shuddering groan,
The goods-train lumbers in.

Scattering hissing sparks behind
As dawn flames up in the sky,
Shriek for shriek to the frenzied wind
The engine makes reply;
Drowning the piteous, pleading cries
Of helpless beasts in pain—
Oh! 'tis sad with a thousand sighs
The song of the railway train.

Yet—the notes of a thousand joys
Into its music blend;
Happy chatter of girls and boys—
Greeting of friend to friend;
Carriages rocking with mirth and song,
Snatches of rollicking rhyme;
Any old song as we rattle along
Homewards at Christmas time.

Laughter, agony, blessing, curse,
Chord of a million things,
Struck on the harp of the universe,
Crashing across the strings—

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Civilization's cry of birth—
The untamed, crude refrain—
Surely the strangest sound on earth
Is the sound of the railway train.

—G. T. S.

IN the days of his verdant youth, when the narrator of these stories was a train dispatcher, he was prone to indulge in the reprehensible pastime of playing practical jokes. On one occasion George Joyce, a fellow dispatcher, was the victim. The joke, although a most harmless one, disturbed the serenity of George's placid life, and notwithstanding his gentle disposition and equable temper the spirit of retaliation took possession of him. The reader is asked to take note of the diabolical ingenuity with which he went about to satisfy his desire for revenge.

At that time typewriters were not in general use, so George had to accomplish his fell design by the laborious use of the instrument which some people maintain to be mightier than the sword. He wrote no fewer than thirty letters to Canadian Pacific agents at points in Western Ontario, of which the following is a fair sample:

"JAMES ENRIGHT, ESQ.,

"Agent C.P.R., Ingersoll.

"Dear Mr. Enright:—

"My house is infested with mice. They disturb my general slumbers; they gnaw my new patent leather shoes; they frighten the female members of the house-

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hold so that they spend most of their time prancing on top of the kitchen table. Don't talk to me about rabbits: these mice multiply faster than rabbits can add, and as I know of no practical way of curbing their procreating proclivities, nothing short of utter extermination will suffice.

"It would be doing me a great favor if you could manage to secure and send me an energetic, ubiquitous and relentless cat, one having an implacable hatred for such pestiferous rodents. It should be crated and sent per Dominion Express C.O.D., addressed to me at 79 Baldwin St., Toronto. Will you kindly see what you can do and let me hear from you as early as convenient."

"Yours very truly,

,"

To this letter the victim's name was forged, which shows to what depths of depravity a desire for revenge will sink a man.

The writer, who was working at that time what is known as "third trick"—that is from midnight until 8 a.m.—had just reached home one morning and was preparing to turn in for a few hours' sleep when an express van arrived with a large crate containing an immense scrawny, half-starved tomcat. This was the first intimation he received that his innocent little joke was to result in a shower of cats. The express charges were duly paid, and after the driver had been induced to carry the emaciated feline away from the premises altogether, instructions were given that should any more cats arrive during the day they were to be refused and no charges were to be paid. Every hour throughout the day cats were tendered and duly declined.

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At that time that chamber of horrors, the old Toronto Union Station, had not been built. The offices of the Company were located at 120 King St. West, in the United Empire Club building, now the premises of the North American Life Assurance Co. The dispatching office was on the top floor, the rear of the ground floor being used by the Dominion Express Co. as a warehouse, and when the writer passed by the room on his way to the office that night he was greeted with the wails of rejected and dejected cats of all descriptions, there being no fewer than twenty-seven on hand. Nobody ever heard how George squared the express charges.

THE INNOCENT (?) FLAGMAN.

THE General Superintendent, accompanied by Superintendent John J. Scully, were on an inspection trip over the Pheasant Hills Branch in Saskatchewan. After rounding a curve the train stopped, and whilst standing there an argument arose as to whether a flagman had gone back to protect the rear end of the train, the General Superintendent contending that they were occupying the main track without protection, and Scully stoutly affirming that such was not the case. In the meantime the engineer gave the usual whistle signal for the flagman to return, and while Scully was being lectured upon the necessity of protection when blocking the main track, the flagman appeared on the run.

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In order to cover his embarrassment the General Superintendent stepped out on the platform of the car and, hailing the flagman, the following conversation took place:

General Sup.—"Did you put down fog signals?"

Flagman.—"Fog signals? No, sir, I don't know what they are."

Gen. Sup.—"Scully, this is simply awful! Here's a man trusted to flag trains who doesn't even know what a fog signal is."

Scully (to Flagman)—"Tell me just what you did back there."

Flagman.—"I went back the full distance prescribed by the rules, and when I heard the recall signal I placed two detonating signals on the rail and came in."

One can only imagine what the General Superintendent looked like and how he felt.

WHEN the Gimli Branch of the Canadian Pacific, running north from Winnipeg, was being constructed, Roadmaster Jerry Riordan was in charge of a big gang of Galicians. One evening when he was with the gang, a great husky fellow was taken ill with cramps and was suffering intense pain. There being no doctor available, the usual remedies were tried, but failed to give the sufferer any relief. Finally Jerry decided that he would take the case in hand himself

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and try to alleviate the poor man's agony. So he had him lie on his back and prepare himself for a hot poultice. There was a row of pies on the shelf, just out of the oven, from which Jerry selected a steaming hot mince pie and applied it to the right spot, using the victim's shirt to keep the steam in. In describing the incident to John T. Arundel, his Superintendent, Jerry said, "Aw, ye should have heard him shouting 'murther' in his durty haythen tongue. But it saved his loife whin iverything else failed." "What did you do with the pie, Jerry?" asked Arundel, and Jerry replied, "Oh, I jist put it back on the shilf as good as iver!"

A MEETING of the officers of the Alberta District of the Canadian Pacific was held in Edmonton in 1912. The party returned to Calgary in a private car and two sleepers, attached to the rear of a freight train, and arrived at Olds, Alberta, in time for those of the party who could not be accommodated in the private car to get breakfast there.

When the train stopped the locomotive stood opposite the station, and the private car opposite the hotel. After it was considered that sufficient time had elapsed within which to breakfast, the engineer was instructed to sound two long blasts of the whistle as a signal that the train was starting, and then to pull down and stop again with the passenger cars opposite the station.

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To watch the crowd emerging from the hotel and running to catch the train was a funny sight. Jack Taylor, John McMillan, Clark Maharg and Ab. Harshaw were carrying their overcoats across their arms or over their shoulders; others were struggling to get into theirs; most of them had their mouths full of food, and all, when the station was reached, were panting for breath. Bill Boucher, who is now the Superintendent at Chapleau, Ontario, was fairly gasping, and had blood in his eye, because before going to the hotel he had specially instructed the engineer not to move his engine until he had received orders from him to do so.

After the train had finally left Olds, Harry McMullen, the live stock agent, sat with many others in the smoking compartment of one of the sleepers. After recovering his breath he said, "Well, considering that I am a seasoned Western veteran, having punched steers and ridden wild bronchos all over these prairies for the past forty years, I must say that I am a ——— fool to have been so badly taken in by such a simple device!"

A WELL-KNOWN railway man was sitting on the lower berth in a sleeping-car with his thatchless pate protruding from between the curtains as he leaned forward to lace his shoes. It was early morning, and with the curtains still hanging, and in the absence of any artificial light it is not to be wondered at that the

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porter, beholding the sight, was considerably shocked. Under a pardonable misapprehension, therefore, he hurried along the aisle, placed the palm of his hand on the bald dome, and pressing it gently inward said, "Excuse me, sah, but yuh bettah git inside, Boss, 'cause dar is some ladies in de cahr dis mauhnin'!"

DANIEL STEELE, the Canadian Pacific agent at Sherbrooke, Quebec, is one of the solid members of the progressive Board of Trade of that flourishing little city, and his fellow-members attribute the establishment of many of the new industries there to his zealous efforts.

At a dinner held in connection with the Annual Exhibition in 1921, E. W. Farwell, the Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce there, paid Dan a high tribute. "Although Steele," he said, "is a mighty good agent for his Company, Sherbrooke is always uppermost in his thoughts, and he never misses an opportunity to boost the City." Then he went on to tell of Dan having been on a short visit to a small village across the Maine border. While there a local individual of rather unsavory reputation died, and the resident priest being ill, a visiting priest was asked to conduct the funeral service. He informed the audience under what circumstances he was officiating, and that as he knew absolutely nothing of the life of the departed, he asked that some person say a few words

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for the poor fellow. But although the invitation was repeated a couple of times, no one responded. Then Dan, who was present, stood up and said, "Excuse me, Father, but as there does not appear to be anybody here to say a word in behalf of the dead man, I should like the opportunity of saying a few words in behalf of Sherbrooke!"

THERE were several people riding quietly in the day coach as it rocked from side to side over the Cactus Branch, which runs through a rather wild section of British Columbia. Suddenly there appeared at the front end of the car a masked man, and as he pointed two murderous looking revolvers at the passengers on either side of the aisle, he demanded that all hands be held up. There was an instant response, but Isaacs, who sat next to Saunders, took time to slip into the latter's hand a ten dollar bill as he said, "Here is dot ten dollars wot I owe you, Levi!"

CONSIDERABLY over forty years ago the terminal of the Credit Valley Railway (later absorbed by the Canadian Pacific) was at Parkdale, Ontario. There "Dad" Allison, Mike Hinchy and Rube Jamieson were the train dispatchers, and Peter Stephen was agent. The Superintendent, dispatchers, agent, and their staffs were housed in a little old frame building, and the

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Grand Trunk station was even more unpretentious, as the officers of that railway were located in Toronto.

At that time there was no subway under the tracks of the Credit Valley, the Grand Trunk, the Toronto Grey and Bruce, and the Northern Railway at Queen Street, but in lieu thereof Jeremiah Curtin looked after the safety of pedestrians and vehicles crossing the tracks. Jerry was a character, with a vitriolic tongue, whose career as a trainman had been cut short by the loss of his right arm at the elbow. But the stump was an important appendage and was kept in constant use while the owner was on duty, holding his red flag-mast, except when it was being waved as a warning to approaching vehicles. Jerry had a prodigiously long upper lip; he smoked a short clay pipe, had short whiskers, which were allowed to flourish only on his neck, was short in stature and particularly short in temper. Another character was old William Platt, the Credit Valley station baggageman. He also was short and of rotund build, with whiskers resembling in length and whiteness those portrayed of Moses and other early Hebrew patriarchs.

One day Peter Stephen, Jack Jones, the yardmaster, George Rooke, Charlie Hudson, and several others of the staff were gazing with rapture through the waiting-room window upon a glorious rainbow, one end of which rose from behind the Gladstone Hotel and the other descended beyond the old Central Prison on Strachan Avenue, when Platt dropped his two-wheel truck on the platform and rushed in to invite the crowd

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out to see the most brilliant rainbow he had ever seen. He led the way, and as the others followed they agreed upon a plan calculated to dampen his enthusiasm. Arrived on the platform, where the rainbow was in plain sight, the old man traced with his finger and the sweep of his arm the course of the bow, but each affirmed that there was no rainbow visible to him and that Platt was "seeing things." He retorted, "You can't see it, can't you? You must all be as blind as bats; Jerry Curtin over the way can see it with only one arm!"

A NUMBER of the Canadian Pacific officers of Montreal were having lunch together at the Windsor Hotel. In the party were George Ham, Ken. Savage, Percy Flintoft, Ernest Alexander, Jack Fairbairn, John Leslie, George Hodge and others. The conversation turned upon sight-seeing in England, and Colonel Ham was asked if he had ever visited the British Museum. He replied in the affirmative, and added, "When there the last time I was curious to see the very oldest exhibit in the place, so, accosting a guide, I told him what I had in mind. He wished to know more particularly just what I wanted to see, and I informed him that I was greatly interested in ladies, being the sole male member of the Women's Canadian Press Club, and that I should like to see the oldest female in the Museum. He thereupon led me through corridors of interminable length, and past immense

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rooms containing every species of animal, ancient and modern, from the dinosaur and the mastodon to the latest animalcule discovered. Finally we arrived at our destination, a room of immeasurable proportions, in which were exhibited mummies of every age. Stopping before a beautiful woman, a perfect specimen of femininity, he informed me that she had lived about nine thousand years B.C., that she was the oldest woman in the place and wasn't a bit sensitive about it either. As I gazed upon her classic features the tears coursed down my furrowed cheeks and splashed upon the mosaic floor. The guide expressed his astonishment that the sight should have affected me so strangely, when I explained to him that it had brought back to my mind many recollections long since buried, and that I had known, quite intimately, the lady's maternal grandmother."

WHEN Jim Manson was the Superintendent in charge of the Gimli branch of the Canadian Pacific in Manitoba there was a bad washout on the line. He was quickly on the job with the bridge and building master and Roadmaster Jerry Riordan, and after a hard day's work they were discussing the situation while sitting in a conductor's caboose. There was water everywhere, almost everything being inundated. Jerry, with bowed head and with hands behind his back, was pacing back and forth deep in thought. At last he stopped, and as he assayed to speak Manson expected

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he was going to make some suggestion that might assist in getting the line open for traffic again, but instead Jerry said, "Ye know, twudden't be half so bad ef it wasn't fer th' damn wather!"

A MAN butted in at a waiting line before a railroad ticket window at the Toronto Union Station. The men who were already in the line glowered savagely at him. "I want a ticket to Waldemar," he said, as he placed fifty cents under the wicket. "You can't get a ticket to Waldemar for fifty cents," the ticket-clerk told him. "Well, then," asked the man, "where can I go for fifty cents?" and each of the thirteen men who were in the line told him where he could go!

FROM the standpoint of attendance the Winnipeg Exhibition held in September of 1903 was a great success. In consequence the railway station and track facilities of the Canadian Pacific were found to be inadequate to properly take care of the returning out-of-town passengers. The subway at Main Street was being constructed; the Royal Alexandra Hotel was also being built, and the tracks and yard facilities were being remodelled. One main track was carrying all the passenger, freight and switching traffic across Main Street, and the only other track east of the station was a blind spur, with a switch at the east end.

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Number 2 was in two sections, the through train from Vancouver occupying the main track, and the second section, that on which the local passengers were to travel, was on the spur. The station platform was packed with people waiting for the second section, but extra cars had to be brought down from the yard for the first train, so that things were decidedly in a mess. One of the high operating officers from Montreal was there and was thoroughly disgusted with everything. He was looking for Frank Brady, the General Superintendent, who, truth to tell, was doing his best to dodge him. However, as fate would have it, they almost collided at the rear of the train, and Frank was accosted with, "Brady, this is a disgraceful condition! I never saw such an exhibition of ineptitude! Crowds of people here, tired and hungry, trying to get to their homes, and the officers appear to be unequal to the task of starting a train. This is the kind of railroading they did forty years ago!" and Brady replied, "Yes, sir, and we have precisely the same facilities!"

ON one of President Shaughnessy's trips over the Western Lines he went down through the beautiful Okanagan Valley, accompanied by some of the Directors of the Canadian Pacific and by local officers. The man who was boasting that valley eighteen or twenty years ago, and whose predictions as to the variety, quantity and quality of fruit the soil was capable of

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producing have come true, was a Mr. Robinson. Sir Thomas (as he was then) asked for information as to what might be expected from the Valley in the coming years, and was told that apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots and all such fruits would be grown in large quantities, and of a quality superior to that of any fruits of the same varieties in the world. "Anything else but fruit?" asked the President. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "the soil is particularly well adapted to grow every kind of grain and hay, the very best in the world, with four crops of alfalfa, running higher in food value than anywhere else in the world." "How about climate?" was the next question. "Climate?" the optimist responded, "Salubrious! Perfect! with equable temperature, neither too hot nor too cold! Never any frost! The best climate in the world!" "Then," asked the President, "how do you get along for ice?" "That lake, Sir Thomas," said Robinson, pointing across the water, "is fed from the glaciers on the surrounding mountains, and along about February we cut the purest, clearest ice to be found anywhere in the whole world!"

ABOUT thirty-five years ago, when some of the branch lines of the Ontario railways were served by mixed trains only, the Canadian Pacific train from Teeswater one Friday night had so much work to do that when leaving Cataract Junction it was over three

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hours late. The train consisted of passenger, baggage, mail and express cars, and a long string of cars of freight, most of which was live-stock. Among the passengers were many commercial travellers returning to their homes in Toronto for the week-end after a hard trip on the road. Most of them were feeling grouchy, and the presence of the Divisional Superintendent, W. K. Thompson, gave them an opportunity which was not to be neglected.

The smoking end of the combination baggage and smoking car was well filled, and Jim Baker and Billy Brick, two of the most popular travellers on the road, sat together, with little old Bob Bradley, the bewhiskered train-baggage-man, sitting opposite and facing them, and the Superintendent immediately across the aisle. The following conversation took place:

Baker:—"Billy, I'm disappointed. I bought some nice fresh eggs at Teeswater. By the time we reached Gorrie I knew they would not be nice fresh eggs when we would reach Toronto. They hatched out at Mount Forest, and then I didn't mind, because my wife and I are both fond of chicken. But they are chickens no longer; they are in their dotage and will die of old age before we arrive at Brampton."

Brick:—"That's too bad, Jim! But you are not the only person in trouble. When I boarded this train at Wingham I had a nice little Irish terrier pup, and now it's an enormous St. Bernard dog and will eat me out of house and home."

Baker:—"But old Bob here" pointing to Brad-

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ley), "when we left Teeswater he was the little news-boy on this train. And now" (grabbing his chin whiskers and giving them a gentle jerk), "just look at those whiskers!"

Brick:—"When I left Wingham I had a nice, fashionable pea-jacket. See it now! It's a long, rough Irish frieze overcoat, with buttons as large as saucers."

Baker:—"Hush, Billy! At Wroxeter a fine strapping fellow got on this train. He was a perfect specimen of physical manhood, and was ambitious to make a name for himself. Life was sweet to him, and he had dreams of a happy home of his own, with a charming wife and lovable children. But on this interminable journey he grew old and decrepit. Finally death came as a happy release from suffering and senility. They put him in a casket at Orangeville, and wired his friends to meet his remains at Toronto. They now find that they should have had the body embalmed, for it is decomposing, and they fear they will have to put it off the train at Meadowvale."

Brick:—"Did you know that the C.P.R. was mentioned in the Bible?"

Baker:—"No! Where?"

Brick:—"Why, in Genesis 1: 25, where it says, 'The Lord created everything that creepeth upon the earth!'"

When the train next stopped Thompson went forward and completed the trip on the fireman's side of the locomotive.

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A HIGHLAND SCOT asked at the railway station the price of a ticket to a place fifteen miles distant. When given the information, "Hoot awa'!" he replied, "its far ower dear! I'd rather walkit." So off he started.

He had not proceeded far when the train came tearing along, whistling as it approached. "Ye needna whustle fer me," said Donald, "I made ye an offer aince and ye wudna tak' it, sae ye can gang along; I'm na comin'!"

YOU may realize from what has been written about Canada's big corporation that the C.P.R. is—but listen to this! It appears the Company issued notices to some hotels, restaurants and storekeepers, protesting against the unauthorized use of its initials, "C.P.R." One such notice was mailed to Timothy O'Brien, who was the proud proprietor of the "C.P.R. Barber Shop" in a prairie village. Tim's reply is entitled to a niche in the temple of fame, and is here reproduced without comment:

"Dear Sir:—I got your notis. I don't want no law soot with yure big company, or I don't want to paint 'a wife and family to sport.' I no yure company owns most everything—ralerodes, steamers, most of the best land and the time, but I don't know as you own the hole alphabet. The letters on my shop don't stand for yure ralerode but for sumthin better. I left a muther in Ireland, she

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is dead and gawn, but her memories are dear to me. Her maiden name was Christina Patricia Reardon, and what I want to no is what you are going to do about it. I suppose you won't argue that the balance of my sine what refers to cut rates has got anythink to do with yure rale-odes. There aint been no cut rates round these parts that I nos of.

(Sgd) TIMOTHY O'BRIEN."

The officials of the big railroad are reported to have acknowledged themselves answered.

—From "*Reminiscences of a Raconteur*," by GEORGE H. HAM. (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto).

PROBABLY Bob Larmour, the Canadian Pacific General Freight Agent at Montreal, has been adopted as "uncle" by more girls than has any other man in Canada. His popularity is Dominion-wide and is not confined to damsels of teen-age either, for he is "Uncle Bobbed" by fair creatures of every age and size, most of whom adopted him in the early years of their lives.

A party of officers on an inspection trip in 1921 left Ottawa on the afternoon local to spend the evening at Pembroke, where Bob was looking forward to enjoying a few hours with five nieces, all of one family, whom he had not seen for a considerable time. On the way from Ottawa he exhibited a five pound box of chocolates he had bought for the girls, and on reaching Pembroke he took his box and started off. Of course he was hailed with every evidence of de-

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light and affectionate regard, and the bunch of girls began opening the box on a centre table, while Bob sat in a cosy arm-chair filling his pipe with Myrtle Navy. But just as the fumes were producing a feeling of peace with the whole world he heard a chorus of exclamations from the five young damsels. These he took for expressions of delight until one of them said, "Oh, Uncle Bob, I didn't think you would play such a mean trick!" Upon investigating he was horrified to find that some practical joker had removed the candies and had substituted a mixture of coal and coke. With difficulty he convinced the girls that he himself had been victimized; that he had given them the box in the full confidence that it contained nothing but Page & Shaw's finest chocolates; that he was quite satisfied he knew the name of the perpetrator of the vile trick, who should suffer for it, and that the chocolates would arrive before very long. But the disappointment had acted as a pall upon their spirits, which could not be revived. However, this situation did not last long, for soon, as Bob had predicted, the door-bell rang, and when answered another box was handed in which contained the missing candies, and Uncle Bob was reinstated in the affections of his nieces.

MOTOR 99 was an inspection car converted from a "Royal Tourist" automobile by flangeing the wheels and anchoring the steering apparatus. On the single track lines of the Canadian Pacific in Alberta twelve

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or fourteen years ago, delays frequently occurred while waiting on side-tracks to meet trains. At such times, in order to get a little exercise, the occupants of the car would play quoits, the quoits being carried in the car for that purpose. The following effusion by W. G. Hunt, representative of the Massey-Harris Co. for Alberta, who accompanied the General Superintendent's party on one of their trips, gives his impressions:—

If foremen stretch upon their backs
While ties are rotting in the tracks,
And steel and iron sent for "spare"
Are scattered almost everywhere;
If tenders overfilled with coal
Spill out and vex your very soul,
Shove "99" upon the switch
And order out the bunch to "pitch."

If water-tanks have sieves become,
And round-house windows on the bum;
If wooden bridges creaking sigh,
And freight on platforms reach the sky,
While station floors are steeped in oil—
Don't let your wrath once over-boil,
Shove "99" upon the switch
And order out the bunch to "pitch."

If dams waste treble what they keep,
And most your men are half asleep;
If mayors and councils on the route
Want all the world, and fenced to boot,
With extra men to cut the grass,
Don't start to give the outfit "sass."
Shove "99" upon the switch
And order out the bunch to "pitch."

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WHEN the Place Viger Hotel was added to the list of Canadian Pacific Hotels, George Ham wrote an account of the interior, and in describing the rotunda he stated that the ceiling was finished in pale green. Before sending his article to the press he submitted it to David McNicoll, the Vice-President, who, after reading it over, asked George how he came to state that the ceiling was green. He was informed by George that he had not been near the hotel since it was finished. The "Old Man" told him he thought as much, and that the ceiling was finished in a beautiful shade of pink. "Then," said George, "I think the only thing to do now is to have it done over in pale green!"

TWO Jews were travelling with their wives when there was a severe accident in which both were injured. They were carried to the city and were put into different hospitals. Levy recovered first and went to call on his friend Cohen. When they met Cohen said:

"Vel, Levy, how much did you ged oud of it?"

"Five tousand dollars," said Levy.

"Goot for you," said Cohen, "dass iss fine."

"How much did you ged oud of it, Cohen?" asked Levy.

"Ten tousand dollars," was the reply.

"Mine gootness!" exclaimed Levy, "ten tousand

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dollars, und I god only five tousand! How did you do id?"

"Dot vas easy," said Cohen. "Yoost as der accident happened I had der presence of mind to kick mine vife in der shins!"

A MAN reached the station platform just as the 5.15 was pulling out. A little burst of speed before the admiring onlookers netted him fifty feet in overcoming the train's handicap, but the best he could do thereafter was to run a losing race. He quit at the end of the long platform and returned.

"Miss your train, sir?" enquired the porter, cheerfully.

"No, my friend," he replied earnestly, "oh, no; I was just chasing it out of the yard. You oughtn't to allow it around here. Don't you see the tracks it has left?"

THE *Daily Leader*, of Gloversville, N. Y., of September 25th, 1899, contained the following article:

On the recent trip of the National Editorial Association the New York delegation was honored by having as its guest in the car "Nanon," from Vancouver to Chicago, Arthur B. Calder, of Tacoma, Travelling Passenger Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, all-round good fellow and a prince of story-tellers.

On the line of the Canadian Pacific are the Banff

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Hot Springs, whose curative powers are claimed to be unusually effective, and in a letter to the editor of *The Leader* Mr. Calder relates the following characteristic story, which is too good to be hidden within the folds of an envelope:

"On my return trip I stopped at Banff again and have to record an accident which befell a man there the day I arrived. Here it is in detail: A number of years ago, before the railroad was finished to the Coast (if my recollection serves me right it was in '83) the gentleman referred to visited Banff. He was from New York and had been given up to die by all the doctors in this country and in Europe. His liver, they claimed, was so badly diseased that he could not live two months. He not only lived, but became a well man. The springs had effected a complete cure. Finally he was killed by an accident while mountain climbing. The strange part of it is that before they could bury him they had to take out his liver and kill it with a club."

WHEN J. W. Leonard was General Manager of Eastern Lines he had an officer who was a continual source of trouble to him, but who was being retained in his position because of some influential connection. One day the President had a personal experience which revealed the man's incapacity. He walked into the office of the General Manager and found Leonard sitting at his desk with his hat on the back of his head,

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his pipe in his mouth, his right leg crossed over his left, dangling his foot and writing "turndowns." The President exclaimed, "Leonard, that man —— has a head about the size of a pea!" and without so much as raising his eyes Leonard responded, "No occasion to exaggerate, Sir Thomas." "Well, then, what keeps him here?" And again, without even looking up, Leonard drawled out, "Pull!" This ended the interview!

"**A**RE we nearly there, Conductor?" asked a nervous man for the tenth time, "Remember that my wife is sick and I am anxious."

"We'll get there on time," replied the conductor.

Half an hour later the nervous man said mournfully, "I guess she's dead now, but I'd give you something extra if you could manage to catch up with the funeral."

The conductor growled at him and he subsided.

"Conductor," said he, after an hour's silence, "if the wind isn't dead ahead I wish you would put on some steam. I'd like to see where my wife is buried before the tombstone crumbles to pieces."

The conductor shook him off, and the man relapsed into profound melancholy.

"I say, Conductor," said he, after a long pause, "I've got a note coming due in three months. Can't you fix it so as to rattle along a little?"

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"If you come near me again I'll knock you down," said the conductor, savagely.

The nervous man regarded him sadly, and went to his seat. Two hours later the conductor, seeing him chatting gaily and laughing heartily, approached and said, "Don't feel so bad about your wife's death after all?"

"Time heals all wounds," sighed the nervous man.

"And are you not so particular about the note?"

"Not now. It's all right. Don't worry; I've been figuring up, and I find that the note has been outlawed since I spoke to you last."

IT is stated on authority the reliability of which is not vouched for that the following is a fair sample of notices issued to locomotive engineers on a certain Chinese railway:

"If a cow obstruct toot 'er soothingly; if she continue to obstruct toot her with vigor; if she still obstruct, wait till she pass away!"

Lady Passenger.:—What's the matter, is our train late?

Trainman.:—Sure, ma'am, the train before us is behind, and we were behind before besides.

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IN 1900 the Ontario Government was making an effort to round up the hoboes, who at that time were rather numerous, and who were suspected of being implicated in all sorts of crimes. The railways were asked to co-operate with the Government by reporting any tramps they might find using the right-of-way, giving full particulars. The section foremen were accordingly instructed, and the following is a bonafide copy of a report received from one of his foremen by Roadmaster Frank Holloway:

"I saw two tramps May 12th, about 7.25 a.m., going north. Both about one size, dark complexion and stout, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, dressed in dark clothes. One of them had a light grey sacque coat on. Both had two soft felt hats on about the age of forty years.

"Yours truly,"

THERE is always somebody on hand who is anxious to disseminate happiness and good cheer among holiday travellers. For instance, on a crowded P. D. & Q. R'y train, the day before Christmas, a tall young man, who had been sitting with a young woman, arose from his seat just after the train had left Asphodel, and, walking the length of the coach, placed in the hands of each passenger a small tract bearing the caption, "FOURTEEN WAYS TO HELL!" How-

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ever, it was too late to do anything about it then, as all the passengers had already purchased their tickets through *via* the P.D.Q.

A FEW years after Jim Horn, the man who holds the position of Canadian Pacific Superintendent in charge of that portion of the line where all world records for grain handling are made from time to time, was married, he and Mrs. Horn took their little three-year-old to church for the first time. There was some unexpected occurrence which delayed their arrival beyond the time of the opening exercises, so that they were walking up the centre aisle of the church toward the Hornpew, the child toddling along between them, just as the preacher announced his text as from Daniel, 7th chapter, 8th verse, and read: "I considered the horns, and behold there came up among them another little horn."

IT was a pleasant trip the Canadian Pacific Lines' officers had on their way from Winnipeg to attend the officers' meeting and banquet held in Montreal in the early part of 1919. A large Western delegation was aboard, and nobody ever thought of retiring until the milkmen were on their rounds in the grey mornings; for, in the words of Frank Peters, "why waste time in sleep?" How they employed their time it has

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never occurred to anyone to enquire. On the morning on which they reached Montreal they retired about three or three-thirty o'clock. The train was scheduled to arrive at its destination at six, and the intention of the officers was to sleep until eight or nine. But Jim Woodman, the Terminal Superintendent, had decreed otherwise, as he considered the occasion should be suitably honored by giving the Western officers a "rousing" demonstration and a royal welcome. As soon, therefore, as the train came to rest on No. 2 track, a switch engine meandered down the adjoining track at a slow pace, slow even for an engine of that breed, and at every rail-length exploded a detonating signal, known in railway parlance as a torpedo or a fog-signal. The noise of the explosions was deafening, and the reverberations in the great trainshed were simply terrifying. Finally the engine reached the end of the track and the din ceased, but immediately there rose on the morning air strains of music from two large hand-organs, operated by a couple of "early-bird" Italians on the look-out for the proverbial worm. The occupants of the cars made use of some of their choicest selections of profanity, brought along with them from the "wild and woolly" so as to be prepared for just such a situation. As they turned from one side to the other during the next hour or so they wondered if the awful discord would ever cease. Discord is the proper word, because in the meantime the two hurdy-gurdies had planted themselves, one on either side of Vice-President D'Alton Coleman's private car, in

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which were a number of the most prominent of the officers, one of the organs grinding out "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and the other, for the comfort of Charlie McPherson, "Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West." Those who know Charlie will have some idea of the kind of comfort he derived from that sweet air. The Italians were deaf alike to imprecations, threats and bribes, and at last the party arose, dressed and went to their hotels to get a little rest and, if possible, sleep.

SCENE:—Office of the President of the C. P. R., Montreal.

Persons:—W. C. Van Horne, President.
C. W. Spencer, General Superintendent.

President:—I am told, Spencer, that our Montreal-Ottawa through passenger trains are racing with the passenger trains of the Canada Atlantic. The practice must be stopped at once. The first engineer caught at it had better be dismissed.

General Sup't:—Very well, sir, I'll take the necessary action. (Starts to withdraw and reaches the door.)

President:—Also please have it distinctly understood that the first engineer who permits a Canada Atlantic train to beat him is to be dismissed as well.

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ECHOES OF THE PAST.

ALL is quiet in Seattle,
Late of Exposition fame,
And without the throngs of people
Business here seems rather tame.
No more do we find them waiting
Ten tiers deep outside the door;
No more do we hear this bedlam—
Never was such heard before:—
“Say, young man, I want a section.”
“Can’t I stop at Spokane?” “Well”—
“Tell me where the steamer leaves from”—
“Is Vancouver near Portell?”

As the black Atlantic current
Washed the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they leaped against our counter,
So they surged across the floor.
Every state and every nation
Helped to swell that mighty throng,
And when one could get a hearing
Each did sing his little song:—
“I don’t want to go through Sumas,
’Tis the boat I want to take—
Can’t I leave here on the Princess?
Aw, what difference does it make?”

How they pushed and pulled and crowded
From the morning until night!
Yes, within the C.P. office
Business surely was a fright.
How they threatened, fumed and argued!
How they at the clerks did rail!

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While anon from some lone pilgrim
Rose a melancholy wail:—
“So I can’t take in Montana
And a side trip up to Nome?
Oh, that agent back in Bingville!
Just you wait till I get home!”

Yes, the crowds have left the city
And are scattered far away,
But in dreams I see their faces
And in dreams I hear them say:—
“I must have two lowers or nothing!
Only one? Then what’s the use”—
“Where are Bawnff and Field and Lawgan,”
“Can’t I stop at Sicamous?”
“Can’t I take a trip to Glacier
And get back here the same day?”
“What’s the fare to Mission Junction?”
“Whereabouts is Kootenay?”

Tall and short, and stout and slender,
Men and women, girls and boys;
Say, the good old tower of Babel
Wasn’t in it with the noise:—
“Oh, I sye, could you please tell me
Where I take the bloomin’ train?
Doncherknow, your beastly service
Gives me, really, quite a pain.”
“Is zis not ze ticket offeece
Of ze C.P.? Ah, monsieur,
Can you tell to me, a stranger,
Where is—what you call—ze pier?”

How they rapped upon the windows!
How they pounded on the door!
And you’d think, to hear them yelling,

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They were thirsting for our gore.
How the telephonic jangle
Smote upon our hapless ears,
While the dear, dear travelling public
Hurled at us their shouts and jeers:—
“Where’s the station?” “Wait on me next!”
“I am tired of—” “See here—” “Say—”
“How much is the fare to ‘Frisco?”
“When’s the next boat to Skagway?”

All is quiet in Seattle,
Late of Exposition fame,
But the memories of those people
Linger with us just the same.
How we miss the “angel” faces
Of the busy days of yore—
And we’re hoping, fondly hoping,
That we’ll see them—NEVERMORE.

(The above clever skit was composed by Walter Wass, of the Seattle office of the Canadian Pacific. During the summer this office force was rushed for months with Exposition travel, and the author’s experiences during those busy days inspired the above).

AT a time when an order to exercise the most rigid economy issued from Canadian Pacific headquarters, with a notice that requisitions for any equipment or material not immediately necessary would not be filled, a roadmaster in New Brunswick, who had a large track mileage under his jurisdiction, and an infrequent train service, induced W. K. Thompson, the Superintendent, to approve a requisition for a hand-operated

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velocipede in order to enable him to cover his territory more often and so spend more time with his section gangs. When the General Superintendent, H. P. Timmerman, received the requisition he wrote across the face of it, "Why not apply for a baby grand piano?" and returned it to the discomfited Superintendent.

JOE SULLIVAN was the Canadian Pacific trainmaster at Kenora, Ont., in 1903. That was the year when Andy Macmath arrived from the land of "parritch" and sought and obtained work as a trainman there. At that time Andy was rather immature for a Scotchman, in fact he was quite raw. He was handed a printed application form, long since obsolete, to be filled out. Among the questions to be answered was, "What is your nationality?" opposite to which Andy inserted "Protestant." Joe explained to him that the Company was not concerned with his religion, but it did want to know what his nationality was, when Andy said "Weel, ye maun change the answer to Preesbyterian."

AT one of the meetings of the American Railway Association, Mr. W. F. Allen, the General Secretary, told the following story:—

"A story is told of a would-be reformer who thought he saw a chance for making a great improve-

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ment in the railway service. Accordingly he had a law introduced in the New York Legislature to compel the railroads to place a third man on the engine, so in case of the sudden death of the engineer the extra man would be available and an accident averted. Such occurrences are reported to have happened, but are extremely rare.

There being no room in the cab on the engineer's side of the boiler, the extra man was to be placed on the other side, where he could look across and see what the engineer was doing.

The bill was progressing finely towards its passage when, to the great surprise of its advocates, it was found that the engineers were decidedly opposed to it, and it was defeated.

One of the engineers on being asked why they opposed the bill answered in this way: "Well, I don't want another fellow with nothing to do looking over the boiler every few minutes and calling out, 'Say, Bill, are you dead yet?' "

AFTER the death of Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., a new hall was built, which was called the "Grant Memorial Hall." The *Kingston Whig*, in giving an account of the formal opening of the hall, made a headline in large type read, "Grant Hall Opened," and one of his friends cut it out and sent it to the present Vice-President of the C.P.R., with the query, "Dear Grant: Did it hurt?"

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WHEN the narrator of these stories was in charge of the Alberta District of the Canadian Pacific as General Superintendent he took with him on one of his inspection trips two Calgarians, Dr. Harry Mackid, who was the Chief Surgeon for the Company on that portion of the line, and James W. Davidson, ex-U.S. Consul-General in the Orient, Arctic explorer with Peary, war correspondent, author, Rotarian and practical joker.

At that time Davidson was President of the Crown Lumber Company, which was operating some seventy lumber yards in the Province, and when the town of Acme was reached on this trip he called to see the representative of his Company there, while the other two of the party took a stroll through the new town. In a short time they wandered into the local newspaper office, where the Doctor was introduced to the Editor as Mr. James W. Davidson, the lumber magnate. He was immediately interviewed, and communicated the welcome intelligence that there was to be an immediate and substantial fall in the price of lumber. An account of the interview appeared in the next issue of the Acme paper, and, as was quite natural, was copied by the press throughout the Western Provinces, so that Jim was busy for some time denying the report and explaining that he had been impersonated.

A few weeks afterwards the same trio arrived at Acme again, this time on a track inspection car of the automobile type, and while the General Superintendent

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was attending to some matters at the station, the two worthies preceded him to the lumber yard. When he followed he was held up by the town constable with a demand to be shown the license under which he brought an automobile into the town. He explained that he did not make use of the public highway, but had used railway property, the same as was used by all Canadian Pacific trains and inspection cars operated by the sectionmen. But the constable was deaf to every argument; the license would have to be produced, or the sum of ten dollars turned over to the municipality. At this juncture in the discussion, which was beginning to look rather serious, the victim turned round and beheld, at no great distance, the two conspirators convulsed with the laughter they were endeavoring to suppress.

Now, this is a simple, truthful account of what took place. The statement which appeared in the *Calgary Herald* a few days later, furnished by Davidson, was such a gross exaggeration of the episode as to be almost beyond recognition. It was alleged that upon refusal to pay the ten dollar fine the inspection car was seized, and that the owner and constable had engaged in a fistic encounter which might have ended disastrously for one or both of the contestants only for his intervention. Since then Jim has told the story hundreds of times, and each time it does greater credit to his powers of imagination. The last occasion he was heard to tell it he painted a pathetic picture of his poor victim languishing in the wretched local jail at

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Acme, and explained his presence at the hearing by saying that he was merely out on bail long enough to enable him to see his family.

TWO gentlemen, who evidently had been celebrating somebody's birthday, were travelling together from Montreal to New York, and as they sat chatting in the smoking-room of the sleeping-car on the night train, one asked the other what time it was. After the latter had carefully examined his cigarette case for about a minute he replied that it was Thursday. "S that so?" exclaimed his companion, "shorry, old man, but guesh I must get off here!"

"**B**UT surely," said the haughty dame, "if I pay the passenger fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers, and allowed to occupy a seat?" "Of course, madam," the guard replied politely, "provided he does not put his feet up on it!"

A LETTER FROM HANK, WHO WENT WEST TO FIND WORK.

Dear Hi:—

IHEV looked around quite a bit, and I think I will go to work on the railroad as a brakeman, this looks like a good job and the pay is good, the funniest thing tho is the way they are paide. When I wuz thinkin of goin

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to work I ask the superintendent what the pay would be for a month's work and he said he did not know, he was busy then but if I would come back for two or three days next week he would have a couple of clerks figger it out for me. I asked one of the boys who wuz working how it wuz and he explained it to me, but as you dont no nothin about railroadin I will tell you how it would work out if you wuz paide that way for plowing which you no more about.

It would be this way. You would be paide four dollars a day for plowing or two dollars an acre whichever way give you the most money, and if you plowed your four acres by noon you would get a days pay anyway and would not haft to work in the afternoon or if you worked and made another two akers you would get two days pay for the days work. You would get a half hour extra for harnessing the mules in the morning and if you have to go up hill and down hill you get some extra pay more than if the land wuz level, also if you have to turn around more than three stumps in a day you get extra pay and if it takes you more than five minutes to turn a corner (over and above what it would with the team you used to have) you would get extra pay for that. If you plowed part of the day and harrowed the rest you would get extra pay becuz it was a different class of service and if the plow broke down or a mule got sick with the flue you would get paide for your akers or hours whichever was the most up to the place of the accident to the mule or the plow whichever it wuz and then you would get paide for the time you wuz waitin for the plow or mule to get well or changed for another one at the rate per hour and then when you started plowin again you would be paide by the hour or aker whichever was the most again, bearing in mind going up hill and down hill and turning corners, dodging stumps and such like as I have mensioned, would be extra.

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Sometimes you dont do a good job and haft to double back and plow a furro over again, you would get paid a minimum ten minutes for that, then when you quit at night if some other fellow was ahead of you at the watering trough and you haft to wait five minutes to water the mules you would get extra time for that which is called detension.

Yours in haste,
HANK.

J.H. E. SECRETAN was one of the army of locating engineers in the early days of the Canadian Pacific, and some interesting stories concerning him were current on the western prairies, of which one at least has survived.

An account for a quantity of hay used in the construction camp had reached the Accountant's office in Winnipeg without having on it the engineer's certification for payment. It therefore was returned, and when it was handed to Secretan he found written across its face the query, "What do you know about this?" For reply he took a sheet of foolscap and under the caption "What I Know about Hay" he wrote a long and interesting essay on the subject. He stated that hay was also called forage; that it was the stems and leaves of grasses and other plants cut for fodder and dried in the sun, and that it was the chief food for horses and cattle; that there were various kinds of hay, including clover, grains cut green, many varieties of wild and cultivated grasses, alfalfa, etc. He gave

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the chemical ingredients of its different varieties, the nature of the soil best adapted to its growth, the average yield in different localities, and treated the whole subject most exhaustively. When the account again reached the Accountant's office, with the essay attached, settlement was further delayed while it was being transferred from one office to another until it finally reached the head of the department, who greatly appreciated the humor. But those who know him can imagine the nature of his comments.

DR. J. G. RUTHERFORD, a late member of the Board of Railway Commissioners, was an excellent story-teller, and his rich Scotch voice added a smack of flavor to his many yarns. When he was in the service of the Canadian Pacific at Calgary he related the following experience:—

"I was travelling from Calgary to Moose Jaw on the Spokane flier a few night ago, and before turning in I went into the smoking compartment for a wee bit of a smoke. I found there an aged English Church clergyman, who became a most interesting travelling companion. The poor old man was badly crippled with rheumatism, so bad in fact that I had to wind his antiquated time-piece with a key he handed me for the purpose.

"He told me he was greatly interested in millionaires, of whom he had discovered that there were

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many types, differing greatly in their characteristics, and that in pursuit of his investigations he was on his way to Chicago, where he had been told a new type, and one peculiar to that locality, existed. He added, "I shall tell you a story I recently heard, which, if true, will give you an idea of the psychology of the Chicago variety of millionaire. A certain multi-millionaire of that city, feeling somewhat indisposed, consulted his family physician, who told him his trouble was gastronomical, due to lack of exercise, and advised him to walk to his office in the mornings. This advice rather surprised him, for he was the owner of three or four automobiles, and it struck him that under the circumstances it was ridiculous to walk. However, the next morning being fine and bright, he decided to see how it would work out. After travelling but a short distance he began to realize that many years had passed since he had had the experience of beholding people and things through the eyes of a pedestrian, and he much enjoyed watching children at play and the ordinary everyday street scenes. On passing a corner on which was located a Roman Catholic church, his attention was attracted to a poor woman in deep distress who was holding her child in her arms. He was touched by her condition and stopped to ascertain the cause of her grief. She informed him that she had walked over four miles that morning to have her little baby baptized, but that on the way from her home she had lost the purse containing her money, and that as the baptismal fee was a dollar she would have to return

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home again. He showed great sympathy for her and told her that he would be glad to help her in her need by letting her have a dollar. He forthwith handed her a ten dollar bill, and told her that as he was in no hurry he would wait about and enjoy the lovely morning air until she returned with the change. When she got back she did her best to thank him for his great kindness, and after saying some suitable words to her he proceeded down to his office, enjoying everything he saw. Upon arriving he surprised his partner when he informed him that he had walked from the house. He told him of his enjoyment in watching his fellow-pedestrians, the little children at play, the people in the shops buying and selling, and other interesting experiences, finally adding: "And incidentally on my way I dried a poor woman's tears, started a young soul on its way to Heaven, and obtained nine good dollars in exchange for a bad ten dollar bill.' "

DURING the time of the construction of the Canadian Pacific through Alberta the men at times were kept on duty excessively long hours without rest. One night Dick Smith, who is now running a passenger engine out of Medicine Hat, sought room with his fireman in the Gleichen bunk-house. They were dead tired, as they had been on their engine for thirty hours. As they entered the bunk-room they needed no light to assure them that they were not the sole occupants,

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for they easily recognized the all too familiar snores of George Bailey and Jim Fisher. When they got into bed the fireman said, "Say, Dick, how can a fellow sleep with such a noise going on?" Dick told him that he should whistle, and as long as he'd keep it up there would be no snoring. "Then," said Dick, "he started a doleful tune and I went right off to sleep, but about three hours afterwards that darned fireman poked me in the slats and said, 'Say, Dick, it's your turn to whistle for awhile now.'"

THE TICKET AGENT.

LIKE any merchant in a store
Who sells things by the pound or score,
He deals with scarce perfunctory glance
Small pass-keys to the world's romance.
He takes dull money, turns and hands
The roadways to far distant lands.
Bright shining rail and fenceless sea
Are partners in his wizardry.
He calls of *names* as if they were
Just *names* to cause no heart to stir.
For, listening, you'll hear him say,
"Oooooooo and then to Aden and Bombay oooooooo
Or "Oooooooo Frisco first and then to Nome,
Across the Rocky Mountains home oooooooo,

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And never catch of voice to tell
He knows the lure or feels the spell.

Like any salesman in a store,
He sells but tickets—nothing more.

And casual as any clerk
He deals in dreams and calls it work!

THE following is a very old railway story, but as it is a classic still unknown to many people, it is entitled to a place in this collection:—

The President of the Waupaca & Nishna Railway dropped in to see the mild-mannered President of the Vanderbilt system, Chauncey M. Depew.

“What can I do for you?” Mr. Depew asked, letting the smile he used on such occasions have full swing at the visitor.

“I dropped in to see you, Mr. Depew, to ask for an exchange of courtesies. I am the President of the Waupaca & Nishna R’y Co. I would like to have a pass over your road and will extend the same courtesy to yourself over my road.”

Depew looked thoughtful for a moment. Then he said: “Where is your road?”

“Why, it’s out in Wisconsin.”

“Is it rated in Poor’s Manual?”

“Oh, yes, indeed; we paid a nice dividend last year.”

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"Strange, I never heard of your road before. How long is it?"

"We are operating 67 miles this year."

"What? 67 miles! and you call that an exchange of courtesies, and the Vanderbilt system has its thousands of miles?"

Depew assumed his most cavalier air as he launched this at the head of the President of the W. & N. and then waited for a reply.

"Well, Mr. Depew," said the Western Railway President as he arose to go, "your road may be a little longer than mine, but it ain't any wider."

WHEN Dinny Clancy was a newly appointed section foreman on the Sault Ste. Marie sub-division, a westbound freight came along one afternoon and ran into a cow which thought it had some right to stand between the rails. Death was instantaneous. To Dinny it was an easy matter to gather up and dispose of the scattered remains, very much easier than it was going to be to fill out the report form giving the details of the accident to the Superintendent.

That night Dinny sat at his kitchen table with the printed form spread out before him, on which he had inscribed sundry hieroglyphics and dropped great splashes of ink. But at last the job was finished, and the next morning when the Superintendent read the report he found the answer to the question, "Disposition of the carcass?" to be, "Kind and gentle."

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A GREAT many years ago Joe Robillard was Superintendent Harry B. Spencer's trainmaster, and on one occasion, when the Superintendent was taking a short vacation, Joe relieved him, performing the duties of both positions, occupying the Superintendent's office only during the time necessary in which to dictate the letters to which the Superintendent's name would have to be signed.

One day a communication came, directed to the Superintendent, complaining of the incivility of one of the trainmen. Joe dictated a caustic letter to himself, directing himself to immediately make a thorough investigation and to report fully as to the result and as to what action taken if it was found upon enquiry that the facts were as stated in the letter. He also went on to say that if any employees under his jurisdiction were guilty of incivility he would be obliged to regard it as a reflection on the administration of the trainmaster. To this letter he signed the name of the Superintendent, and on the following day, being in his own office, he received it, made the investigation, and in writing to the Superintendent had to admit there was sufficient ground for the complaint. However, he could not see how the failure of one of his men to preserve an even temper under some provocation could fairly be regarded as a reflection upon his administration. He therefore with all due respect wished to advise him that he considered his conclusions to be both illogical and unjust. On the follow-

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ing day, when handling the Superintendent's mail, this letter was placed before him. He then wrote another letter to himself, in which he confessed to having written the former communication without first having given it sufficient consideration, withdrew any reference it contained about him personally, and expressed keen regret that he had written him such a letter. It was with great satisfaction that Joe signed the name of H. B. Spencer to it, and so long as he was in the Company's service he prized it as one of his most precious possessions.

A MEMBER of the New York City Canadian Club recently made a flying trip to Canada. After completing his business he went over to the station to see about his reservation.

"Let me have sleeping accommodation to New York," he said to the man at the window.

"For a single passenger?"

"No," he replied, "I'm married, but I'm going alone this time; a single shelf will do."

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent. "You understand, of course, the lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower berth. If you want it lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower."

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"Then why do they all prefer the lower?" enquired the traveller.

"On account of its convenience," the agent replied. "Most persons don't like the upper, although its lower, on account of its being higher, and because when you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed, and then get down when you get up. I would advise you to take the lower, although it's higher than the upper for the reason I have stated, that the upper is lower because it is higher. You can have the lower if you pay higher, but if you are willing to go higher it will be lower."

"Too deep for me," replied the man; "I'll ride in the smoker, where I can sit up when I sit down."

—*The Maple Leaf.*

WILLIE finally persuaded his aunt to play train with him. The chairs were arranged in line and he issued orders:

"Now, you be the engineer, and I'll be the conductor. Lend me your watch and get up into the cab."

Then he hurried down the platform, timepiece in hand. "Pull out there, you red-headed, pie-faced jay!" he shouted.

"Why, Willie!" his aunt exclaimed in amazement.

"That's right, chew the rag!" he retorted; "pull out! We're five minutes late already!"

—*Morning Gazette.*

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BOB MILLER—dear old Bob—was fast reaching the pension age. He had served the Canadian Pacific in many capacities, always displaying ability and great tact. This is the way he described his condition: "You know, my head is as clear as a bell—it was never better. I've got a forty year old head and body, mounted on a pair of confoundedly wobbly legs that are about ninety-five years old."

IN consequence of a report that Billy Cruise, the C.P.R. operator at North Toronto, was drinking rather too much, the Superintendent wrote him a cautionary letter. He received a reply stoutly denying the allegation and concluding with:

"I'm here for business, not for booze,
Yours truly, William Cruise."

C.P.R. TRAIN NO. 532.

Between Ottawa and Maniwaki.

DE GATINEAU train she's come down de line,
W'en she's reach Cascades she's runnin' fine,
De engineer wit' his smilin' face,
Han' on de t'rottle is right in place.
Conductor, too (he's darn good fellow),
Ax his trainmen to sweetly bellow:
"Don't forget your parcels."

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It was den de rain come on, *bien oui*,
An' dat Gorman man he sure can see,
W'en he's look right out before dat train,
Dat dey would certainly get some rain—
An' he hates dat hill on Mount Burnett—
So he's say to his ole bulljine, you bet,
 "Can you make it? Can you make it?"

For de long stiff grade she's right before,
An' de lightnin's flash—de t'under roar—
De rain she's splash on de window-pane—
An' I can tell you it was some rain:
De rail's so dam' dat she's t'row some san',
An' soon she's puffin' to beat de ban';
 "I can make it! I can make it!"

She's puff an' she's grunt—she's grunt encore;
"I mus' buck ole Mount Burnett once more
(Tho' she's high enough to kill a man)—
 'I t'ink I can! I—t'ink—I—can!"
So Gorman 'courage her all he dast,
An' he's t'row dat san' so hard an' fast
Dat his bulljine made de grade—at—last—
 "I—knew—I could! I—knew—I—could!"

Den she's lower her head an' she's hi'er her tail,
An' she's sail right in for to buck de rail,
An' jus' as she went over de grade,
George Gorman said to himself, he said,
(As he chortled gently wit' pride an' glee)—
'Dat's my ole bulljine—an' she an' me—
 "We know we can! We know we can!"

—FRED MACDONALD.

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WHEN John J. Scully, the General Manager of the Eastern Lines, was in charge of the Algoma District as General Superintendent he was known by every employee in that sparsely settled territory of eleven hundred miles, as well as by most of their wives and families. John has a peculiarly effective way of winning the respect and the affection of his subordinate officers, and of his men as well—in some cases this amounts to little short of adoration.

On an inspection trip a few years ago, over the Schreiber Division, Mr. Scully had a chat with an Italian whose job it was to patrol the track after the passage of each train through certain rock cuttings, where the jarring motion of trains was apt to cause rocks to loosen and fall on to the track. Bill Guthrie, the Superintendent, was present, and his account of the conversation and a little episode that followed, as related by the watchman, is given herewith:—

“Onea day comma de Ginerall Soperinten’, Roadamaster comma too, on tha machine that no gotta de steam but all de same go likea hell. He no gotta that man; he run Chu! Chu! samea likea one handacar, only no gotta that man. He stoppa for my shack. Ginerall Souperinten’, he tella me, ‘Gooda day, Tonee.’ I say, ‘Gooda day, Minister.’ He sitta for one beeg block, he takea off one bigga cigar for makea tha smoke; me wanta givea cup o’ tea; he no wanta cup o’ tea! Bigga da Bos he talka for the rock, talka for mi countree, somea time me ’stand, somea time no ’stand. Bye-’an-bye he starta for go, he makea look for de mits, bye-’an-bye finda tha mits, me son-of-a-guna dog, he eatea tha mits too mucha

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bad. Bigga Bos, he tella me 'Tonee, what for you no feeda tha dog?' Me tella tha bos, 'I feeda mi dog.' Bos, he say 'You feeda tha dog he no eatea tha mits.' Me tella tha bos, 'Me do feeda' im' Una saya 'Good-bye Tonnee' anda jump on tha bigea machine and he gonea up tha hill. Soona he passa from tha bigea rock-cut me takea mi gun from tha shack and me tella 'Come ona Jip.' go backa tha bush and BANG! Sona-guna-dog no eatea no morea mits.

"Tonnee he sicka nex' day, he thinka comma tha Roadmaster anda tella me, 'Tonnee, your dog eatea tha bossa mits, you no gotta tha job. But passes onnea day, twoa day, foura day justa tha same, no canna eat, no canna sleep. Onea day comma freightsea train on the hill, too mucha slow 'Chuuu, Chuuu,' lotsa car, me seea on tha biggea curve lasta car is a biggea nicea car and says myselfa,' 'Hell! comma tha bigga tha Bos, surea maka finish of a job today, shakea likea hell, no standa still. Bye-'an-bye passa tha car, sure he gotta tha big Bos, him come out shout for me, 'Gooda day Tonee, you feeda your dog now? Eata some more mits?' And makea tha laugh for me. Thisa time me feela everything ala right, me go for shack fixa one bigga pot mac-arone, fixa some beefa steak, me eatea justa samea for onea week, one time me sure tha bigga tha bos makea laugh for me, no madda for me.

"Lots time he passa now he say, 'Helloa Tonnee.' Me surea no morea keepa tha dog, he maka too mucha troub fora me."

IN February of 1906 a meeting of Western Lines officers was held at Field, B.C., in the C.P.R. hotel there. Mr. William Whyte, afterwards Sir William, presided at the business meetings, which were held in

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the day time. In the evenings the men had a good time chatting, singing, playing billiards, etc. J. A. MacGregor officiated at the piano in the early evening hours, and after the more sedate and staid had retired he officiated at the bar with equal ability and grace. One evening, after some hours of conviviality, a party of four started to play a game of English billiards. It became "Wee Macgregor's" turn to play, and as he was preparing to carom off a red ball, one of the party switched off the light, while another placed two additional red balls on the table, grouping the three together. When the light was restored Mac again prepared to make the shot, but wanted to know where all the red balls came from. He was told that there was only one on the table, but he insisted that there were three. However, all the others stoutly maintaining that he was mistaken, Mac was at last convinced that they were right, and putting away his cue, said, "I guess it's about time for me to kwut."

A. D. MAC TIER, Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Eastern Lines, was quite fond of his private secretary, W. J. Liddle, and one day when he was discussing some matters of importance with the General Manager, Liddle entered the office and told Mr. MacTier, in that quiet way of his, that a Mr. Charles Duggan wished to see him. "Who is Mr. Charles Duggan?" the Vice-President asked. "I don't know,

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sir." "Well, what does he look like?" was the next question. "I don't know, sir." came the answer. "You don't know? Didn't you see him? Does he look like you, or does he look like me?" Liddle replied that he looked like a Jew, and the Vice-President and General Manager burst out laughing. Liddle was withdrawing from the room and had reached the door, where he stopped, looked back for a second or so, and then in a hesitating, uncertain sort of a way, added as he was leaving the room, "and he doesn't look like me!" It is doubtful if Mr. MacTier was ever known to laugh with such delight.

AFTER the General Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific at Calgary had undergone an operation, and when he had so far recovered that he was able to drive around town a little, he one day ran across Tim Riordan, who, after heartily shaking his hand and expressing great pleasure that he was making such a rapid recovery, looked into his face and said, "Do ye know, that if there was wan thing ye needed to make ye a handsome man it was an oper-r-ation."

ONE Christmas Eve a Canadian Pacific officer, a Western Lines bachelor, sat in his lonely bachelor quarters thinking of the festive season. He was in a retrospective mood, and there passed through his mind

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visions of the Christmases of the long ago, when there was always a joyous throng around the gift-laden Christmas tree. He remembered the petitionary letters addressed in cramped little hands to Santa Claus—his and his sisters' and brothers', and also the letters of thankful acknowledgment. He thought lovingly of the dear faces of those far-off days and he felt very dreary. And when he remembered that only recently some of his unmarried pals, Al. Stevens, Frank Lee and others, had forsaken the ranks of the bachelors, he was simply overpowered by a sensation of loneliness and could stand it no longer. So, throwing on his greatcoat and hat, he went out into the cold and cheerless night. He wandered down Main Street towards Portage Avenue, and upon reaching Jerry Robinson's he went in and bought a pair of lady's silk stockings, took them back to his room, hung them in front of the fire-place, and attached to them the following note:—"Dear Santa Claus,—Please try and fill these for me before next Christmas."

THERE was a wise old trainman,
Expert at coupling cars,
He used his feet to push in place
The knuckles and draw-bars;
He did it thus for many years,
And thought it was great fun;
He had two feet to push them with,
He now has only one.

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Bill Jones on the repair track
Imagined he could do
A moment's work beneath a car
Without a flag of blue;
Well, yes—he did it many times,
In spite of rule and warning;
One day an engine bumped the car—
Bill's wife is now in mourning.

The Prosecutor:—Gentlemen of the Jury, if the train had not been running faster than she ought to of ran, or if the bell had of been rung as it should of been rang, or if the whistle had of been blown as it should of been blew, none of which was did, the cow would not of been injured when she was killed. I think your Honor must admit this is good argument.

The Judge:—If the court know herself, and he thinks she do, it are.

“WHUT'S this here teamwork we're getting fed to us these days?” asked the wheel-tapper.

“Wot is it?” obliferated the air-tester (known as Sparrow). “Wot is it? You carn't mean you doan't knoaw?”

“I ain't saying I doan't knoaw, but whut is it? Do you knoaw?”

“Shore,” responded Sparrow. “‘Caveat Empty,’

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as Aristotle said to Olympia at the battle of Mukden. It means doant do nuthin' by yourself if you can get somebody to 'elp you."

"Huh!" grunted the wheel-tapper.

"It ain't nuthin' new neither," continued Sparrow, learnedly; "Plate-rail taught them same precepts to the Eypshings during the reign of King Pompeii. 'E put it all in a nutshell w'en 'e said, 'Pro buno Public 'ouse' in 'is message to the Medes and Parsons."

"Sáy," growled the wheel-tapper, "I didn't arsk you for a sermon."

"I ain't a preachin' neither, but I got to illustrate in a fit and proper manner else you wun't unnerstand. That's the trouble with you fellers out 'ere, you ain't educated up to such things. It's just as the Philosophy Venus said to Aladdin, 'Bona Fidy, Habus Corpse,' which being translyted means that you got to be tort afore you can walk."

"Shucks!"

"It ain't shucks. Education means everythin'—"

"Who t'hells tarking aboat education?"

"I yam. Wot's teamwork but education? 'Elp me with this 'ere fulcrum, will yer? Thanks. Naow, that's teamwork. I could of done it meself, but wot's the use w'en you can use teamwork and a w'eel-tapper. I can illustyte it with parables—"

"You just illustyte this 'ere truck with that lamp w'iles I gets under 'ere and look at that bum axle. I ain't arsking for no parables."

"Well, wot do you know about that? You carn't

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teach these 'ere blokes nuthin'. Ah, well, 'Ora pro nobis' as Omer said to Cleopatra, which being translyted means, 'I shud worry!'"

EARLY in November 1903 an engine became derailed at a passing track a short distance east of Kenora, due to a rail turning over. The Superintendent attributed the derailment to the negligence of the section foreman, and instructed the roadmaster to obtain his explanation. It is given herewith:—

"A. J. MEGRUND,
"Roadmaster,

"I answer you in those remarks for not getting more troble. I could say I am going over section every day and watch with good care, and when I go to work I do work, and trying to do the best I could and more if I can, but I could tell how this case is not the first and won't be the last, bicous we don't know wen we die and those cases is the same. This is all I could say."

(Signed)

SECTION FOREMAN.

WHEN W. P. Martin, familiarly known as "Billy," was local freight agent at Montreal he made a trip to Vancouver, and on his return this is the story he had to tell:—

"Yes, I enjoyed Vancouver. I found that everyone was busy, most of them in the real estate game.

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One 'live-wire' agent got me in tow. He seemed to have an idea that somewhere in my jeans I had a superfluity of money. He drove a fine Packard, and spent three days showing me choice lots, anyone of which might be turned over within a few weeks at a handsome profit, making me as rich as Croesus. I greatly enjoyed the motoring, the sight-seeing and the gentleman's engaging line of talk. After I had seen all the vacant lots on his list, he showed great anxiety that I should not miss the opportunity of acquiring wealth by the real estate route, but I informed him that before taking the plunge I should like first to visit and size up Prince Rupert. 'Great Scott!' he exclaimed, 'surely you cannot be seriously thinking of throwing away real money on that barren rock? But perhaps you have never been there?' On being assured that I had not, he said, 'I might have guessed as much; but as you know nothing of the place I shall have to enlighten you. Know, therefore, that it rains there almost incessantly, and that the sight of old Sol is a rare event. About three years ago he burst through the clouds for about two minutes, when all the dogs began howling and barking from sheer fright, and the people believed that the long-expected end of the world had come at last. The Mayor summoned an emergency meeting of the Council to consider the unusual phenomenon, but no conclusion could be reached, because the aldermen could not agree as to whether it was the sun or Halley's comet!' I then commented favorably upon the almost perfect weather I had been

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enjoying for fully two weeks in Vancouver, and asked if they always had such delightful weather, or if they did not have rain occasionally. 'Never!' he replied, and then, pointing to a poor chap walking down Hastings Street upon two stumps, both legs having been amputated at the knees, said, 'You see that fellow walking on stumps?' and being assured that I did, he continued, 'That's the worst of this place, it's so god-darn healthy that people never die, they just wear away.' "

THE LIGHTS OF LIFE.

OFT when I feel my engine swirl,
As o'er strange rails we tear,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.

When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
If all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals "Slow";
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go."

Again the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.

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For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.

Swift towards life's terminal I trend;
The run seems short tonight;
God only knows what's at the end—
I hope the lights are white.

—CY. WARMAN.

AT the conclusion of a meeting of railway officers held in Toronto in 1919, some members of the party who were fond of music surrounded the piano in one of the rooms in the King Edward Hotel, and had a fine evening of it. One of them handed each a copy of the following, which he had composed for just such occasions, and as the accompanist struck up the familiar tune of the National Anthem the party started to sing the strange words of the Siamese song most lustily. However, before they had proceeded far, one, and then another, and still another, stopped singing as the hidden sense of the words dawned upon them, and joined in boisterous laughter as they listened to the others proclaiming with considerable glee their asinine status.

The words and introduction are given in full:

“Montreal, Feb. 4th, 1918

“There are in Calgary, Alberta, a number of Mongolians from the beautiful kingdom of Siam. These, unlike the Chinese familiar to the gaze of all Canadians,

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are intensely devoted to their native Siam, sympathize with her national aspirations, and hope to return at some day to their own home, which is regarded by them with the same veneration and affection which the Jews have for their Holy City of Jerusalem.

"The Siamese have many peculiar characteristics, but mention need be made here of only one of them, their habit of observing certain holidays on which they congregate on the streets in the Chinese district of Calgary and sing a most weird and plaintive melody, supposed to be an invocation to their Deity, that events may be so ordered that, ultimately, they will all return to their beloved Siam, and that their bones may finally rest in the sacred tombs of their venerable ancestry.

"The word 'Tonau' in the intercessory prayer which is given herewith is the name of the Buddha demi-god who is specially charged with the office of guiding the steps of all good Siamese back to their desired goal before the dissolution of the soul from the body takes place.

"The words are:

'Au-vo To-nau Siam;
Gee-va To-nau Siam,
O-va To-nau;
Vod-at Ang-tah Siam,
Ak-ra See-aw Siam,
Aw-sutt China Siam,
O-va 'To-naus!'

"These poor fellows pay us the delicate compliment of adopting our National Anthem tune in making their prayer for their return to their home.

"To get the best effect a great deal of pathos should be put into the voice.

"Try it!"

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IN February of 1924 Malcolm Beaton, known alike to men and officers of the Canadian Pacific as "Mac," marked the thirty-fifth anniversary of his entry into the service by writing the following:

"MY ANNIVERSARY."

"Anniversaries, like birthdays, cannot be stopped by a mere fly in the ointment, not even taxes. Death is the only thing just now we know of that will apply the brakes on either—hence to-day, the day that reminds me that it was just thirty-five years ago to-day that I packed my little pasteboard valise, turned my back on the home of my childhood and pointed my toes out into the cold, cruel world and landed in the never-to-be-forgotten Town of Farnham, Que., a boy with a milk-and-pancake stomach, quite a bit green but willing to learn, and without any malice aforethought save the one great ambition to be a brakeman on a through freight (which never existed on the Farnham Division), and joined forces with the then small but now great C.P.R. as a 'spare shack' for the tidy sum of \$1.25 per day, which was at the other end, if said was far enough, if not, it was a half or a quarter of a day. During these thirty-five years I have seen many changes. The good have died young and the bad have died hard; the mighty tumble in the dust, and the meek are kicked in the slats; the would-be-great climb the ladder of fame (they thought) on other's misery and sorrow, only to have the ladder kicked out and they fall with a sickening thud and crawl away in misery and disuse. All this reminds us that 'some are born great while others have this greatness borne upon them.' I believe five thousand people who have had jurisdiction with me in this time have

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come and gone. However, whatever benefit the C.P.R. has derived out of our joining forces I cannot say, but it has grown from a road that never would pay for the axle-grease to the greatest railway system in the world, all for which we are proud—thanks to the capable Management and all in general. As for myself, after many ups and downs, along with my income tax, I am one door from the poor-house and one jump ahead of the sheriff, but going strong. Silver threads bedeck the golden curls once I wore, and I have to use 'shock absorbers' to read the fine things—but, say, girls, I have had a heavenly time!

"Good night!

"MALCOLM (MAX) BEATON."

This little bit of autobiography with its moralizing reveals something of Mac's philosophical humor. Those who have never had the good fortune to meet him will wish to know him, for they will realize that he is a rare character.

HERE is a sample of George Ham's spontaneous humor in ordinary conversation:

"It's too bad you didn't know Harry Benson except in a business way. Not only was he a great rail-roader, but he was also a mighty fine fellow socially. About fifteen years ago he and I were quite intimate. I used to drop into his office at the Windsor Street Station on the Executive floor (accent on the 'cute'), about 5 p.m. daily, when he'd close down his roll-top desk and we'd start for home. Of course we couldn't

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pass the Windsor Hotel without going in. Now, Harry's wife was a very prominent member of the W.C.T.U.—a lovely woman—and Harry used to fool himself by thinking that she believed him to be a total abstainer. So, after having a couple of glasses of gin each, Harry would take one or two bites of a raw apple he invariably carried in his coat-pocket and a few cloves extracted from the pocket of his vest. We would then get into a cab and make another start for home, driving via Guy Street. But of course, again, we couldn't very well pass up the Corona. So, after slinging in a few more gins at the bar there, he'd take another bite of raw apple, a few more cloves and a piece of orange peel, and by the time we'd reach his home Harry would smell exactly like a mince pie."

AFTER Sam Young had ceased to be a passenger conductor on the Canadian Pacific, and before he became Mayor of Fort William, for a time he conducted a real estate business there. One day Bob Larmour, who was at that time the local freight agent, dropped into Sam's office and found him at his desk intent upon some design, and enquired what it was his artistic talent was struggling with. "Well, Bob, you must know that our darn family never had acrest," said Sam, "and since my new occupation and ambitions have thrust me into the society of the very elite of Fort William it behooves me to put on a little 'side!'

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My ancestors may not have felt the need of any such appendage, but I am resolved to remove the handicap and I should like to know what you think of my idea." When Bob examined the drawing he found it to be a wheelbarrow with a spade and a hoe and with the inscription:

"WE WORKIBUS? NIT!!"

ONE day, a long time before the advent of modern equipment for fighting snow, the then President, Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy, afterwards Baron Shaughnessy, noticed that a large quantity of snow was falling, that a gale was blowing, and that there was every appearance of a snow blockade. Quite naturally he was anxious to know whether the storm was general or only local, so, opening the door to the adjoining office, which was occupied by his clerical staff, he called out to one of the clerks in his rapid, commanding voice, the very tone of which always betokened authority, "Corbett, find out how general the snow is this morning." Corbett was a new recruit, and knew little about railway work. However, he knew enough to get moving out of the office as fast as he could when the President gave him such an order. A few minutes afterwards he returned to his desk, and in a little while the President again thrust his head through the door and shouted, "Corbett, found out yet how general th' snow is?" "Not yet, sir," replied Corbett, "but I ex-

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pect to be able to let you know very shortly now." He sat for awhile longer, the chief clerk naturally supposing he was waiting to receive the information from the telegraph office, and then, looking about the room, said, "Say, who knows who this General Snow is, anyway?"

GEORGE BURY (now Sir George) and a non-railroader were walking along the station platform one day when Bury was Vice-President. The sleeping car "Kananaskis" was on a parallel track, having just undergone a general overhauling in the shops, and was resplendent in new paint and varnish. Bury asked his companion if he had the curiosity to want to hear how a railway officer could lie. Upon receiving an affirmative answer they went to the Vice-President's office and a certain officer was sent for. When he arrived he was asked if there were not explicit instructions in effect that any passenger car taken into the shops for general repairs was to be turned out with the Canadian Pacific standard lettering. The officer assented, and he was then asked why the "Kananaskis" had not had the lettering changed in accordance with the instructions when it was passing through the paint shop. For a second or so the man hesitated, and then replied, "I'm afraid, sir, I shall have to admit that I am personally responsible. The foreman painter came to me and told me that if the lettering did not have to be changed it would be unnecessary

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to scrape the old paint off, and that the cost of merely varnishing the car would be comparatively light. Under the circumstances I took upon myself the responsibility of authorizing him to turn it out with the old lettering." He was told that hereafter he would be expected to observe the instructions, and that the "Kananaskis" would be sent back to have the lettering changed.

When the officer withdrew Bury was in great glee and exclaimed, "Well, you heard what he had to say, didn't yōu?" "Yes," was the reply, "but instead of lying, as you expected he would, he took the blame, I thought, in a most manly way." "Oh," said Bury, "that's just where the joke comes in, as nothing of the kind ever happened, but this particular car was actually given standard lettering when it was repainted, and I should like to hear what he has to say when he has had a chance to examine it."

HE reached the railway crossing the same time as the train; I saw the engine tossing his auto o'er the plain; an epitaph engrossing was placed above the slain. With buckets and valises the undertakers came, and gathered up the pieces of his poor mortal frame, the while his weeping nieces declared it was a shame. He speeded up his lizzie, and tried to beat the train; his speed was surely dizzy, and certainly insane; why be so all-fired busy when all such haste is vain? He

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had all week to travel to Junktown-in-the-Hole; but he must scorch the gravel, the poor, misguided soul; and now no druggist's salve'll restore this Peter Pole. "Oh, stop, and look, and listen," the railway sign-board said; he saw the wise words glisten, in fresh paint, just ahead, and he worked every piston, and to the crossing sped. They scraped him from the cedars, they raked him from the plain; the public prints had leaders that showed his course was vain, a warning to all speeders who try to beat the train. Alas! for poor old Peter. Much grief my spirit feels; and as I townward teeter, no more he rips and reels to show his lizzie's fleeter than anything on wheels.

—WALT. MASON.

THERE are not many people who can tell a story better than Billy Snell, the General Passenger Agent of the Canadian Pacific at Vancouver, B.C. Included in his repertoire are stories in the English, Irish, Scotch, Negro and Chinese dialects. The following has frequently been told by him in gatherings of railway men:

Some few years ago a southern railroad was being sued on account of one of its trains having struck a carriage on a highway crossing, killing four people. The case went to trial and the lawyers for the prosecution called many witnesses, among whom was a colored man, the flagman at the crossing where

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the accident occurred, who was cross-questioned as follows:—

Q.—What is your name?

A.—Henry Johnson Rufus Lee.

Q.—Mr. Lee, I want you to tell me just what you were doing on the night of August 3rd, the date of the accident.

A.—I was flagging on the crossing.

Q.—You were flagging on the crossing?

A.—Yes, sah.

Q.—Well, now, what happened?

A.—Well, numbah ten dun come down an' struck de carriage an' killed foah people.

Q.—What were you doing at the time?

A.—I was flagging.

Q.—What were you flagging with?

A.—I was flagging wid a lantern.

Q.—What kind of a lantern did you have? Was it a white lantern or a red lantern?

A.—I had a red lantern.

Q.—Now, Mr. Lee, tell me what kind of a night it was—was it a dark night or a bright moonlight night?

A.—It was a very dauk night, sah.

Q.—Now are you sure it was not a bright moonlight night?

A.—No, sah, very dauk.

Q.—Now, you say you were flagging with a red lantern?

A.—Yes, sah.

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Q.—Are you sure you were not flagging with a white lantern?

A.—Yes, sah.

Q.—Now, I want you to be very positive; you say it was a very dark night, and that you were flagging with a red lantern?

A.—Yes, sah, I was flagging with a red lantern.

The following day the President of the railway sent for the flagman and said, "Mr. Lee, I want to present you with this cheque to show our appreciation of the evidence that you gave at the trial yesterday. It was clear and apparently conclusive." The darkey took the cheque and said, "My, my, Mr. President, I nevah had so much money in ma life, but I suttently was a nevvous niggah yesterday. Dat lawyah man kept asking me, was it a bright moonlight night, or was it a dauk night? and did I hab a white lantern, or did I hab a red lantern? I thought foh suah he was a 'goin' to ask me if dat lantern was lit!"

MRS. NORAH DOYLE one day met her friend Mrs. Bridget Carr, holding in her arms her twelfth child.

"Arrah, now, Bridget," said Norah, "an' there ye ar-re wid anudder little Carr in yer ar-rms."

"Anudder it is, Mrs. Dyle, and it's meself as is hopin' 'tis the caboose."

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AND ye think th' last car-r on de tr-rain is the most danjrous wan to roide in, do ye?"

"Yes, Pat, I'm mighty sure of it."

"Thin, phy the devil don't they take it aff altogether?"

CHARLIE FOSTER, Passenger Traffic Manager on the Canadian Pacific, went up to see one of the Vice-Presidents about putting on an additional passenger train. As he was nearing the office door he met another officer, who had just come out, and asked him if he thought the V.P. was in a mood to grant a request, and received the reply, "Well, Charlie, if it's anything you have set your heart upon I shouldn't regard the time as propitious, for when I came out all the paper-weights were on the floor and all the pens sticking in the walls."

WHEN Victoria, B.C., was recognized throughout the rest of Canada as the Canadian haven for remittance men, mostly the younger sons of some of the English aristocracy, the Driard Hotel was the rendezvous for all such on inclement nights, for even Victoria is not entirely immune from disagreeable weather.

At the time when the episode about to be related

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occurred, the name of R. Randolph Bruce, now a well known man of substance in British Columbia, graced the Canadian Pacific pay-roll. His duties took him occasionally to Victoria, and one night when there he and Fred Stimson, an Englishman who had made a great success of sheep-ranching in the Alberta foothills, a friend of Sir William Van Horne, and a really comical character, remained indoors to have a chat together. They had been seated in front of the glowing hearth but a few minutes when a number of these young remittance men, all of whom were well known to Stimson, arrived and began to relate their experiences in England the last time they were over "home."

Then Hon. Percival Whittington-Tickton told of having spent a "perfectly ripping" week-end at Lord Illingworth's, Denton Moore, Yorkshire. "Most select party, don't you know, and all that sort of thing," drawled Percy; "topping time playing tennis, my partner being Lady Elaine Baring-Straits, a dashed good player, and our opponents, the Honourable Estella Beckwith-Swinley and the Prime Minister. Then we had a bit of grouse shooting, played some polo and all that sort of rot, you know."

Fred had heard Percy tell this same yarn before and on more than one occasion. He had also several times heard the three stories which followed Percy's, and by this time was becoming pretty well bored, and in order to put a stop to the silly gabble he decided to take a hand-in himself and go one better. And this is the amazing story he reeled off:

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"When I was in England in 1894 I spent a few weeks at Windsor Castle. At that time the Princess Beatrice, as you all know, was a most charming girl, and she and I got along famously together. I always called her 'Beatie,' and she called me 'Freddie.' The dear old Queen was also very handsome to me.

"One night Beatie and I went to a little dance, quite an informal affair at a neighbor's house, and got back rather late to find the doors all locked and the servants retired and apparently sound asleep. After trying unavailingly to awaken somebody, you can imagine what a devilishly uncomfortable feeling I had. However, after a bit I noticed a long rope hanging from a large bell, suspended above the main entrance. So I pulled at the rope and, by Jove, what a clatter that bell made! In a few seconds Queen Victoria stuck her head out of the window and shouted 'Hello, is that you, Fred?' and I replied, 'Yes, your Majesty, dashed sorry to disturb you, but all the servants appear to be asleep.' 'Oh, that's all right, Freddie, old boy,' she said, 'just wait a minute until I put on my crown and sceptre, and I'll go down and let you in.' After putting on these trappings of royalty she came down wearing nothing else but her night regal robes, and upon opening the door she said, 'Rather late tonight, eh, Fred?' I admitted the lateness of the hour, when she turned to Beatie with, 'Beatie, you run off to bed, and Fred and I shall go down to the cellar and have a glass of gin together.' "

The faces of the English chaps were a study.

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Then one of them, rising to his feet, looked Stimson squarely in the eye and said, "Stimson, you are a d—— liar!"

ACERTAIN Canadian Pacific Claims' Agent showed no little ingenuity and a keen humor when he made the settlement explained in the following bona-fide letter:

Winnipeg, Man., March 16th, 1906.
5/1223.

H. W. BRODIE, ESQ.,
District Passenger Agent,
Winnipeg, Man.

W. L. Bonner's Claim, \$35.00.

Referring to the annexed: in consideration of Mr. Bonner cancelling the enclosed claim for \$35.00 please issue him two tickets from Winnipeg to Edmonton, with a stop-over privilege at Calgary. Mr. Bonner, of course, will pay for the tickets at the ordinary rates; he only asks for the stop-over privilege.

(Signed)

THE westbound local from Havelock, Ont., stopped at Peterboro, where a decrepit old woman was helped up the coach steps of the second-class. She was bent and wrinkled and ugly and

"She had but two teeth in her mouth,
One pointed north, the other south."

She struggled to a seat under the load of an old carpet-

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bag and sundry parcels. Before long Billy Mitchell accosted her with the request that she hand over to him her transportation, but she informed him that she had no ticket. He ascertained that her destination was Burketon, and informed her that she would need to contribute eighty-five cents to the Canadian Pacific exchequer, but she replied, "Divil a cint have Oi got." "Thin divil a moile will ye go wid me," said Billy. "Thin, ye'll have to put me aff the thrain, and ye can't do it." The conductor walked into the next car and in a few minutes returned, and while walking to the rear announced the next station as "Burketon." The train stopped, and as Billy stepped down to the station platform he was followed by the old dame, who as soon as she alighted with her belongings on the platform espied "Cavanville" in large letters on the station building. She shouted, "This is not Burketon!" and attempted to reboard the train. But Billy had placed himself between her and the coach steps, and as the train moved off he jumped on the steps and retorted, "It's Burketon fer ye!"

THE WEARY SECTIONMAN.

"**W**HIN Oi gets home in the 'avenin'
Oi am too toired to crawl,
So Oi sits down in de carner
Wid me back ag'in de wall."

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“**W**HAT time nex’ tlain go Walsinton?” a travelling Chinaman asked the ticket clerk.

“Two-two,” was the answer. “You no unnelstan,” insisted the Celestial, “I know the tlain go too-too; I no ask how he go; I ask when he go!”

ADAIR and Keefe were track-foremen on adjacent sections and lived in adjoining houses supplied by the Railway Company. Adair was a stalwart man with “sinewy arm,” and had often demonstrated his prowess in wielding it to the subjugation of his fellows. Keefe was no match for him in a physical sense, in fact he was puny in comparison. The latter had had to submit to many indignities and insults, and the fact that most of their quarrels grew out of disputes between their respective families accentuated Keefe’s desire for revenge. But as Keefe often remarked to his wife, “It’s a long worm that has no turn!” One day the Superintendent sent for him and told him that, his roadmaster having resigned, it had been decided to appoint him as his successor. Naturally this was welcome news to Keefe, who saw that the new position would give him authority over his hated neighbor and enable him to remove his family away from contact with them. After making his first trip over the sub-division in his capacity of roadmas-

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ter he dropped the following note off to Adair from the rear of the afternoon local:

"SECTION FOREMAN ADAIR,—

"Yer track is in very bad line an surfas. There are more low joints than there is in the city of Chicago. Ye are away behind in yer tie renules. Yer track an right iv way is untidy, an yer hole section is goin to the devil fast. Start rite in at oncst at the west ind an kape rite on goin till ye raych the aist ind an get the hole iv it in good shape.

"Be arder iv yer sooperyor officer."

WHEN the portion of the Canadian Pacific between Montreal and Smith's Falls was being double-tracked the general foreman in charge of the work was a native of Sweden by the name of Andy Johnson. Tom Longboat, the Canadian Indian runner, was the sensation of the hour and was soon to compete with Alf. Shrubbs, the English athlete, for the world's championship. Longboat won, and in discussing the race and the contestants Andy expressed the opinion that they were greatly inferior to those of a former day, men such as he had had to compete against when he was in his prime. Tom Collins, who was the trainmaster, was interested to hear that Andy had been an athlete and wished to know something of his achievements. "Yah," said Andy, "Ay could run dem days. In da Norf-vest rabellon Ay hear de Inyan var yoop an' Ay ban tank it a bad place to be, so Ay

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start a-runnin' for de border at nane o'clock in da mornin'. Da Inyans chase me all day yellin' an' yoop-in' to elefen at night. Der was somet'in in frunt, runnin' on de pat'. Ven Ay caught up it was a yak rabbit. Ay said, 'Let a veller run vat can run!' an' Ay kicked it out th' vay, an' Ay got in the States by twelf o'clock!"

A COMPLAINT having reached a certain Railway Superintendent that a train on one of the branch lines in Saskatchewan was running without any soap in the passenger cars, he got connection over the local telephone wire with Bob Burdett, the Regina agent, and asked him for an explanation. The wire was not working well and the agent could not make out the name of the article about which there was a complaint, although it was repeated over and over again. Then the Superintendent lost his temper and shouted; "Soap! Soap! Soap! Are you deaf? Soap! S-O-P-E, Soap, dummit!"

DURING the South African war, and at a time when the eyes of the whole world were focused upon Ladysmith, James Osborne was the Canadian Pacific General Superintendent at Winnipeg. J. T. Arundel was his chief clerk, and George Bury was Superintendent at Fort William, his jurisdiction extending from Port Arthur to Winnipeg. It was in the fall of

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the year and the facilities of the then single track railway were taxed to their utmost capacity. Mr. Osborne had an inspector whose business it was to travel over the District and make reports to him of anything he found wrong. This man, whom we shall call Ryckman, was a consequential chap, with rather an imposing presence but with very limited ability. He knew no more about practical railroading than he did about sheep-raising in Mars, and although he was a quiet, inoffensive fellow, his welcome on the road and at the points he visited was anything but cordial, the officers regarding him more or less as a joke. One day he stopped off at Ignace, the first division point west of Fort William. The yard was full of cars held back on account of a shortage of room at Fort William. However, during his stay there the agent was authorized to start an eastbound movement, and as one train followed another out of the yard Ryckman became quite active in an officious way. As soon as daylight could be seen between the two outlying switches he rushed into the telegraph office and sent the following telegram to the General Superintendent: "I have raised the blockade here. Shall I proceed to Fort William and relieve that point?" When this was received in Winnipeg it caused considerable merriment, and when it was placed in Mr. Osborne's hand there was attached to it what was supposed to be a copy of a cablegram to the British War Office in London, reading, "A despatch from Ryckman states he has raised the blockade at Ignace. He is available,

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and if it is desired he can be sent to the relief of Ladysmith."

When Mr. Osborne read this his feelings were a mixture of mortification, amusement and apprehension. He rang for Arundel, and when he was assured that the cablegram had not been actually sent he surprised the perpetrator of the joke by throwing his head back and indulging in a hearty laugh, something seldom heard in that room, which usually was surcharged with solemnity.

SOME twenty years ago the General Superintendent of the Ontario District was passing over the subdivision between London and Windsor with his car on the rear of the train and accompanied by his local officers. He was scanning the track and the right of way. His reputation for introducing original methods with a view to economical maintenance gave him no little pride, although some of them were regarded as extreme, especially by those who were required to test them out. As they got down near Caradoc, the General Superintendent, upon seeing a gang of men employed in clearing the right of way of roots of trees, suggested to Paddy Coakley, the roadmaster, that if he would see the farmers living adjacent to the track he felt sure they would be willing and glad to uproot the stumps and haul them away for firewood, provided he would simply give them the permission

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to do so. He was sitting with his face to the rear window, and Paddy, who was behind him, was in doubt as to whether he was speaking seriously, so he said, "Mr. Giniral Superintindint, plaze look round till I see your fass for a minit," and when he did, Paddy exclaimed in his well-known high-pitched voice, "Well, sorr, ye do say the gol-darndest things I iver heard!"

IT is characteristic of the perversity of human intelligence to find the most amusing things in the midst of the most serious circumstances, such as railway accidents, for instance. It is related that a middle-aged woman with a solemn visage was once riding on a train from Orangeville to Woodbridge, Ont. Somewhere between the two stations an accident occurred and the train rolled down an embankment. The solemn woman crawled from beneath the wreckage and asked of a man who had been somewhat badly hurt, "Is this Mono Road?" In reply he gasped, "No ma'am, this is a catastrophe!" "Oh, dear me!" she answered, "then I hadn't orter got off here, had I?"

GEORGE HAM was present at a function that was anything but a howling success. He was not on the program, but the chairman, hoping that a speech from him might enliven the proceedings a little, asked him to say a few words. George had been greatly bored

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and was in no mood for speaking, an unusual condition for him to be in, so he replied, "I can't make a speech to-night, because I have a bad headache, am suffering from rheumatism in my legs, have Asiatic cholera, adenoids, gastritis, ingrowing toe-nails, premature baldness and housemaid's knee, and anything I haven't got I'm going out right now to get it."

ALLEN MACKENZIE, Engineer Maintenance of Way, Bob Pyne, Superintendent of Motive Power, Ken. Savage, General Superintendent, the General Manager, and an ex-railroader arrived at the Mile End Station, Can. Pac. R'y, about supper time. They called for a cab and Mac. suggested that as he lived not far away he would ride with the cabman and direct him. The old horse was mighty slow, and notwithstanding appeals and threats from the inside of the cab the driver appeared to be unable to accelerate its gait. The occupants decided therefore to quietly drop out as the vehicle approached Park Ave. and finish their trip down-town in a street car. This they did, one at a time stepping out and slipping over to the sidewalk, and as Mac., the driver and the horse proceeded along Mount Royal Ave., across the street car tracks, the others were lined up four deep behind a big telegraph pole. As the cab ascended the grade west of Park Ave. the old horse alone knew of the exodus which had taken place. However, before

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reaching Mac's house, the cabman turned to him and remarked, "Your friends have left you," whereupon Mac. insisted on stopping that he might get inside the cab, so that Mrs. Mackenzie wouldn't be shocked at seeing him chumming with a cabbie. Arriving at his house he was charged two dollars and fifty cents, and in the morning the others refused to spoil the joke by paying their share.

The accompanying "*Owed to Mackenzie*" was read at a banquet tendered to him at the University Club on November 12th, 1917, on the occasion of his transfer to Winnipeg:

OWED TO MACKENZIE

Whate'er this man was sot to do
(A'meanin' of our guest),
He took a'holt an' stayed with it,
An' done his level best.

Was he a'tracin' at his desk,
He done it with a zest;
Was he a'drawin' up a plan,
He done his level best.

Was he a'ridin' on a train,
An' seen the track undressed,
He made a row right there and then;
He done his level best.

Low joints, loose bolts, an' ties askew
He never could digest;
He never stood for no wide gauge,
He done his level best.

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Had he a pond'rous job to do
He never took no rest,
But hung to it till it was did,
An' done his level best.

Did General Superintendents wish
To hear his views expressed,
He ups an' gives 'em good advice,
Which were his level best.

Was he a'drivin' of a cab,
He paid fer all the rest;
He never minded bein' joshed,
He done his level best.

SOME of the officers in the Windsor Street Station were arriving at their offices after the prescribed opening hour, and Mr. McNicoll, the Vice-President, decided to have the matter looked into. Accordingly, he had a check made, and a list showing the arriving time of each officer was placed on his desk every morning. One morning the name of Harry Oswald, at present the Assistant Secretary of the Company, appeared on the list as one of the offenders, and George Hodge was sent to speak to him about the matter. When making his report George expressed the opinion that there was a very good excuse for Oswald, as he had worked until 1.15 that morning signing dividend warrants and had done pretty well to get down to the office only fifteen minutes late. "And at what o'clock did you say it was he left the

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office?" asked the "Old Man." "At 1.15," was the reply. "Weel, then, jest tell Owseswald to kwut work after this at one o'clock so that he can get doon to the office at nine."

THE locomotive foreman heard one of his trimmers using abusive language and talking in an authoritative way to some of the other men. Everyone knew that Bob was determined that he alone would do the bossing in that engine-house, and were not surprised, therefore, to hear him shout, "What do you mean by such talk? One would think you were the locomotive foreman." "Well, I know right well I'm not the locomotive foreman," was the reply. "Very well, then," said Bob, "if you aren't the locomotive foreman what right have you to talk like a *blithering idiot*?"

SOME of the officers were discussing the use of semaphore protection at local stations, when one of their number said, "Speaking of semaphores brings to my mind an occurrence of some years back. A young Englishman applied to the Canadian Pacific General Superintendent at St. John, N.B., for a 'post' on the railway. There was an opening for an assistant at a local station and he was given the job. A few weeks later the General Superintendent arrived at the

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station and, recognizing him, asked him if he found plenty to do, when he replied, "Aow, my word! this is a busy plyce; it's 'Glynn' from mornin' to night! 'Glynn, shovel the snaow orf the platform!' 'Glynn, put some coaol inter the bally staove!' 'Glynn, come and 'andle some of this 'ere luggage!' And then w'en I'm just abaht tuckered aout the hagent hups and yells at me, 'Glynn, gao an' loight up the bluddy 'emispheres!' "

OH, I long to be gone to the hither and yon,
It's a life on the rail for me;
Just watch while my travelling togs I don,
Then my dust is all you will see.

For I fear the toot of the locomoot,
And the whine of the grinding wheel,
So we give a chug and a push and tug,
And we're off on the clicking steel.

Oh, this is the life we tell the wife,
As the stations past us whizz,
And just to avoid rude public strife,
The lady agrees it is.

But a thought breaks in and we cease to grin,
And our brow is furrowed with care,
When we get a tap from a guy with a cap
Who politely requests our fare.

Then they rudely scoff as they dump us off,
And we fall with a sudden thud,
And it's long is the track when we're walking back,
And you feel that your name is mud.

Rail Life

Oh, a life on the rail for those with kale,
But home is the place for you.
Can you graft a pass? No! Then go to grass
And a life on the rail eschew.

—*Toronto Daily Star.*

THE ticket-clerk at a junction point on a certain railway was unfortunate enough to have an impediment of speech, and if unduly excited he stuttered pretty badly. One day it happened that a succession of questions, the idle sort that travellers often ask, had made him impatient, and, in the effort to articulate, his features underwent considerable contortion. A weary-looking mother, holding a fretful babe in her arms, approached the wicket and opened a succession of enquiries about different points on the line and its connections. This continued for some time till at length the arrival of the woman's train came to the relief of the ticket-seller. His feelings may be imagined better than described when he heard the woman say to a companion, "Freddy was so peevish that I didn't know what to do with him until I took him to watch that young fellow's face. He didn't cry a bit while I was there!"

H. J. PARKHILL was a train dispatcher at Medicine Hat when it was but a small village. He was quite fleshy—"quite" indeed hardly does full justice to his corpulency. He was a mighty good dispatcher, and had a refreshing strain of humor. Unfortunately,

Rail Life

in those early days he was not too particular about his personal appearance. One evening—it is but right to remark, while he was still a bachelor—he was strolling up the hill south of the town with a couple of young women when they undertook to chaff him a bit. One of them said, “Mr. Parkhill, how long do you wear your collars?” His reply was, “About a week.” Then the other asked, “And how long do you wear your shirts?” Parkhill placed his hands down at the lower pockets of his vest and said, “Oh, just about that long!”

WHEN Dr. Stewart Mackid, of Calgary, the Canadian Pacific surgeon of the Alberta District, returned from Europe after taking a post-graduate course there, he brought with him a fine big meerchaum pipe made specially for W. R. Callaway, the General Passenger Agent of the Soo Line, with the well-known dollar Soo Line monogram on the bowl. Now, Bill was without doubt one of the best advertising men on any United States railroad, and this pipe gave him an idea which he at once proceeded to develop. He used to smoke his pipe in his office, at the Club, and wherever he went in the down-town section of Minneapolis, and its distinctiveness so evoked the curiosity of his friends that a conversation of which the following is typical always took place:—

“Hello, Bill, what’s that you have?”

“Oh, just a little Soo Line ad.”

Rail Life

"Eh! what do you mean by that?"

"Simply that we have placed an order for one thousand of them to be given to our friends as souvenirs."

"A thousand! Say, Bill, any chance of squeezing in on that?"

"Sure! Just slip into the office, get Harry Lewis to enter your name on the list, and when the pipes arrive a postcard will be sent notifying you."

After a thousand names had been received the notices were duly sent out, and each applicant when he called at the office receipted for the pipe, when the clerk reached under the counter and took from a box and handed him a penny clay pipe with the Soo Line monogram stamped on the bowl. Usually the recipient walked along the hall to Callaway's office, and either consigned him to a warmer locality or flung the pipe at him.

ONE cold winter day some railway officials, while making an inspection of the plant in a large terminal, stepped for a moment into a switchman's shanty to get warm. Among them was a General Superintendent who was regarded as a crank on "scientific management" and rigid economy. When they left the switch-tender said to the yardmaster:

"And can ye be telling me who yon man might be?"

Rail Life

"That's the General Super." the yardmaster replied.

"Now, who wud ov thought ut? He's a foine-lookin' man, and ye nivver wud believe the tales ye be hearin' about him."

"What have you heard about him, Mike?"

"Why, they does be sayin' he was at the foonral ov Tommy Hurdon's poor woife, and whin the six pall-bearers come out wid the corpse, he raised his roight hand an' sez, 'Howld on wan minnit bhoys, yiz can git along widout two ov yiz!'"

THE Canadian Pacific, like every other big concern, has been humbugged more or less by men whose chief asset has been a glib tongue. Such men generally have unlimited assurance, and colossal nerve as well. One of these gentlemen was imported from Chicago to revolutionize the methods of freight handling at Fort William. The Divisional Superintendent thought he had secured a master-mind, so greatly was he impressed by his personality and his volubility.

It was a day in 1901 that the General Superintendent arrived down from Winnipeg to look over the facilities at Fort William. As he reached the large freight-shed the S.S. *Alberta* was receiving a cargo of flour, and everything was staged so as to convince the General Superintendent that the new agent was a "world-beater." Everything was running on splen-

Rail Life

didly, and Plumberg (a name that will suit as well as his own) began talking with the General Superintendent in his most impressive way, convincing him and the rest of the party that he was the creator and the sole director of the system by which the hundreds of men who were co-operating with clock-like precision were transferring thousands of tons of flour from the shed to the ship. In the middle of a sentence he would excuse himself, rush after a passing trucker, make some remark to him, whirl back to the General Superintendent, continue his talk for a minute, then break away and run after another man and rush back again. During the time Plumberg was making one of these "round trips" the General Superintendent stepped over to where Captain Jim McAllister was standing, taking in the situation. "Well, Captain," he said, "what do you think of our new agent?" The wise, hard-headed Captain, who saw through it all, replied, "I hardly know what to think, as I haven't seen him do anything yet." This unexpected reply nettled his interrogator, who retorted, "Oh, that's all right, Captain, but you would have had a better opinion of him if Jim Leonard had brought him here." The Captain for a fact was a great admirer of Leonard and had rather a poor opinion of what he called the "present fitout," and as he was not under the jurisdiction of the officers of the railway he felt quite free to express his views, so he said, "Mr. ———, you see how well these men are working—just like a well-lubricated machine? Well, it would be as easy as roll-

Rail Life

ing off a log to put a stop to it all. One might do it by simply lifting that piece of rail lying there by the scales, walking over and dropping it on the feet of old John Fraser, the general foreman, and the *Alberta* would have to leave with a light cargo."

WHEN John Malloy was first appointed roadmaster on the Havelock sub-division of the C.P.R., Bill Floyd was the Bridge and Building Master. The latter was extremely round-shouldered, with head bent far forward. John used to explain to strangers that Bill's deformity was attributable to the fact that when he was quite a little boy his father gave him a quarter to pay his way into a circus, and that he lost it.

GEORGE GOULD was making one of his last trips as President of the Missouri Pacific. His private car was laid out on a siding for some reason or other, and he got out to stretch his legs. An old Irishman was tapping the wheels. Gould went up to him and said:

"Morning. How do you like the wheels?"

"Not worth a dum," was the reply.

"Well, how do you like the car?"

"It's good 'nough for de wheels."

"What do you think of the road?"

"It matches de car."

Gould looked at the old chap for a minute and said:

Rail Life

"Maybe you don't know who I am?"

"Shure I do," retorted the wheel-tapper. "You're Jarge Gould, and I knew your fadder whin he was President of de road, and by gob, he's going to be President of it again."

"Why, my father is dead," said Mr. Gould.

"I know dat, and de road is going to hell," was the reply.

MANY queer letters are received by Canadian railway officials from persons who contemplate settling in Canada. The following is a specimen. It is a correct copy, except for the address and signature:—

Sheep House Farm House,
Kew Gardens S.W.
Aug. 7th, 1906.

Dear Sir:

"Before I finally make my arrangements for leaving England in a few months' time, and as it all depends on what you can do for me on the subject of which I write, I must ask you to kindly reply per return.

I purpose settling in Canada (Alberta) with my daughter and maid. I shall send out about three tons of furniture. My difficulty is my three dogs—two tiny dogs (toy) and a valuable greyhound. None of these can I allow to be put in the baggage van. If my brother meets me at Montreal there will be four and perhaps five people—certainly three. Can you give me a *carriage* to ourselves, 2nd or 3rd reserved, and would you allow me to have my dogs with me, or could you allow me a sleeping carriage for three or four at a certain charge (please name), whereby we could remain in it for the

Rail Life

five days' journey? I do not make any arrangements for leaving England unless I can have my dogs with me in the train—they are never left without either one or the other of us. I will give you a guarantee that should you have any cause for complaint in any shape or form to pay you any damage, but they are all three drawing-room dogs, the two small ones on my lap, and the greyhound on the sofa at my side. They are perfectly clean, and I can send you a celebrated veterinary surgeon's certificate that they have neither fleas nor anything in the least the matter with them. But if they were put in the baggage van *they would die of fright*. And if you cannot agree to my request then I cannot go, for which I am sorry, as I am very anxious to join my brother in Claresholme, Alberta; but my dogs' lives can't be sacrificed. Will you kindly tell me how *long* stoppages there are for getting out for a run, and where and how one gets one's food, and how does one change into the sleeping berths? And how long a distance of days from Montreal to Claresholme?

"I think you will be able to arrange this for me. If it is possible I should prefer to have a sleeping berth for three or four and remain in it the whole time, for I dread the journey. Then my dogs would remain with me. I can assure you you would have no cause for complaint. I always manage to keep them all with me by writing to the Managers and getting a reserved carriage. Then there are no passengers to object. There will be the fares for three, my little girl, my maid and self, and three dogs. Kindly name fare 3rd and 2nd class, and state accommodation you are willing to give me. As my brother may meet me there may be four, and perhaps a little boy nine years old—certainly three people.

"In answering state clearly, please, the exact cost and times of stoppage, and what stations the customs.

Rail Life

As you will not receive this for 14 or 16 days, and the reply will take another, this means one month. May I ask a reply within the week of your receiving it, making it five weeks.

"I shall do nothing until I am satisfied about my pets. If you can't help me then I can't go!

Thanking you in anticipation,

"Yours truly,
(Signed) HANNAH DURANT."

It is not likely that she ever came across.

THE passengers got off the Imperial Limited at Broadview, Sask., to stretch their legs while the engines were being changed and the train inspected. One of the male passengers watched with keen interest the inspector testing every wheel, and as he reached the observation car asked him what the object was in tapping the wheels with his hammer, and received the reply, "Oh, I dinno; it's the arders."

A FEW years ago, when the Bascule bridge over the canal at Sault Ste Marie had a fractured member. "Sammy" Blumenthal, alias "Silent Sammy," was on hand in connection with the repairs. John Scully was the General Superintendent, and in his car there was considerable conversation about the best method to adopt so that the movement of traffic might be resumed in the shortest possible time. All at once

Rail Life

Sammy asked the entirely irrelevant question, "Does anyone in the car know how to make a Venetian blind?" and like a shot Scully said, "Yes, throw a pint of acid in his eyes!" As usual Sammy didn't have a word to say.

THE COLONIZATION MAN.

THEY came with a bunch of railroad maps and a telescope filled with clothes,
Some syrup of figs, and a basket lunch, and goodness only knows
What all these settlers had concealed in the oak-ribbed family chest,—
They had sold the farm in Kansas and were off to the Great Northwest.
Into the office the pater strode, while the children tagged behind,
And demanded to see the railroad chief—it was nobody's never mind
Just what he was anxious to talk about—so they lifted the office ban,
And showed him in to the Railroad Goat—
The Colonization Man.

"My name's Jim Smith, from Tillersville, and I'm taking the kids and wife
To a ready-made farm near Calgary, where there's something worth-while in life.
I've read all the stuff that Rankin wrote about that promised land,

Rail Life

And reckon it beats the sagebrush flats or a section of
desert sand.

I figure on shipping some critters up, and the old Bain
wagon, too;

I've got considerable family goods, and I want you to
check 'em through."

The Railroad Goat said never a word, as only his species
can,

He's a second edition of old man Job, this Colonization
Man.

"I want a rate to that foreign state," said the tiller from
Tillersville;

"The gal don't count, for she's got a cough, and won't
be seven 'till

Come next May, so I needn't pay—and the boy is a little
tad,

He don't weigh much, so I reckon he can bunk along
with his dad."

The Railroad Goat merely cleared his throat, pressed a
button or two and then

Scratched off the clearance documents with a flourish of
his pen.

He piled them aboard a tourist coach, the farmer and
all his clan,

And heaved a sigh as they said good-bye to the Coloniza-
tion Man.

"I'll tell you a good one on old 'Dad' Brown, from out
Vancouver way,"

Said J. S. Dennis to Elliott Rowe as they chatted the
other day.

"'Twas a family of seven that 'Dad' had shipped,

And the kids were hard to beat,

They tore up the maps and blueprints, and wailed for a
snack to eat.

Rail Life

Dad put the bunch aboard the train, and felt that his
duty was did,
But when he got back to the office, he found they'd for-
gotten a kid.
So Dad was a sort of *pro tem* Pop to the meddlesome
orphan Anne,
And she was the unsought daughter of a Colonization
Man.

If ever a man had cause to drown his grief in the flow-
ing bowl;
If ever there was a thankless task, one that would try
your soul;
I think you will find the answer beneath the unselfish
coat
Of that superman whom I call in jest the suffering Rail-
road Goat.
More power to you, Empire Builder, and thanks for the
things you do;
The desert would never have learned to bloom if it
weren't for men like you.
And I feel that some wealthy railroad, that has the
money and can,
Should build a flock of monuments to the Colonization
Man.

—HARRY F. BURMEZTER.

WHEN J. W. Leonard was General Superintend-
ent of the Canadian Pacific at Winnipeg the Moose
Jaw terminal became blocked. The Superintendent at
that point was considered by Mr. Leonard as rather
light for the job. However, he was doing his best,
and in order to satisfy his superior officer that he fully

Rail Life

appreciated the seriousness of the situation, and that he was not "laying down" on the job, he sent him a telegram reading: "Have been on duty in Moose Jaw yard continuously for seventy-two hours," and received the characteristic reply, "Yes, and haven't moved a d—— car!"

WHILE travelling in a sleeping saloon Hiram Dodd, of Pittsburg, was bitten all night by insects not named in polite society. On reaching home he wrote a violent letter to the railway company about their verminous cars.

In due course he received a reply, signed by no less a personage than the chief traffic superintendent. The great man expressed astonishment, horror and grief. Never in the history of their railway had an insect been heard of; the staff made scrupulous cleanliness their prime object. He would investigate the complaint personally, and if blame attached to any servant of the Company, that servant would be discharged. Deeply distressed that so valuable a client as Mr. Dodd had been inconvenienced, he begged to proffer his profound apologies, etc.

Mr. Dodd was so flattered that he thought he would take the letter along to show the fellows at the Club. But as he picked up the envelope a slip of paper fluttered out. On it was penciled the instruction:

"Send this chap the bug letter."

Rail Life

JOHN NIBLOCK, one of the pioneer railway men of Western Canada, who had been engaged in the construction of the Canadian Pacific, was a sterling character. He always showed the keenest interest, not only in the social and domestic life of his men, but in their spiritual welfare as well.

In 1909, when Superintendent at Calgary, he had every freight caboose on his Division supplied with a Bible, placed in a neat rack on the wall above the table. One day he and Jeff Lydiatt, his trainmaster, were travelling up to Banff on a "freight" and went into the caboose. Mr. Niblock asked the conductor if he and his men ever read the Bible, and was assured that every morning they took it down and read a chapter together. John, greatly delighted, reached up for the Bible to take a look at it, but much to his chagrin found that it had never once been used, as the rack had been placed so close to the ceiling that it was impossible to remove the Bible from it!

IN the days before the Toronto, Grey and Bruce R'y was absorbed by the Canadian Pacific, the night express was speeding around the curves on the steep descending grades approaching Owen Sound, where the track ends and the Georgian Bay begins. An old lady passenger, unfamiliar with the geography of the line, being anxious not to be carried beyond her des-

Rail Life

tinuation, stopped trainman Danny Doran as he was passing through the car, and upon asking him if the train would stop at Owen Sound received the astounding reply, "She always shtops there, but if for anny rayson she shuddent shtop to-noight ye'll see the gol-darndest smash up ye iver seen in ye'r loife."

TO anyone who has had the experience of trying to collect a refund from an express company, a telegraph company or a railroad company, becoming involved therein in huge swathings of red tape, and receiving, perhaps at the end of two years or so, a bunch of documents—cumulative "respectively referreds" from everyone down and up, office cat to fourth assistant deputy vice-president—to anyone mixed up in this sort of affair, or anyone contemplating it, the following copy of a letter, received to-day by the *Evening Journal*, and actually sent to the Pennsylvania Railroad, should prove both profitable and amusing reading:

"Toledo, Ohio, Sep't 16th, 1920.

"Dear Sir:—

"Received your esteemed favor of the 10th inst. in *re* unused ticket No. 7,027, faced 1/2, purchased Toledo, Ohio, destination Canton, Ohio, and returned to you for refund on the 12th ult., in which you desire information as to why ticket was not used for transportation.

"On July 14th, 1920, my wife, Mrs. Charles E. Thompson (*nee* Maria T. Printy), expressed a desire to visit Mrs. H. B. DeBord at Canton, Ohio. Mrs. DeBord

Rail Life

is one of my wife's sisters, who married a man named DeBord, engaged in the general contracting and building business in Canton, Ohio, and doing ordinarily well for a man so young.

"For your information, my wife has one other sister, married, and two brothers, one married and one unmarried. This may be irrelevant to the issue at hand, but judged I had better mention the fact to assist you in making an adjustment.

"On the morning of July 18th the bell on one of the telephones in my office (I have two phones) rang. I quickly drew my face into a stern expression and assumed a business-like attitude—you know, pencil in hand, scratch pad on desk—and called into the receiver the word "Hello" (Were I English I probably would have said, "Are you there?") Lo, and behold, my master's voice came over the wire. She requested, no, demanded, that I drop everything and hie me to the Pennsylvania Station on Lower Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio., to purchase two one-half fare tickets and one full-fare ticket to Canton, Ohio. Knowing the folly of attempting to tell my wife that I was too busy, I rushed to the Pennsylvania Station and bought two one half-fare tickets and one full-fare ticket to Canton, Ohio. (For the life of me, I cannot remember the numbers of the two used tickets. You will have to pardon this negligence on my part).

"On the morning of July 19th my wife, after having spent a sleepless night revolving in her mind a twelve month accumulation of news she had to tell her sister, ultimately succeeded in keeping our youngest child's face clean long enough to slip into a travelling suit—bought for the trip, price \$135—very chic, you know how it is—couldn't travel without new—nothing to wear—all that sort of thing. But she did not keep a close watch on our

Rail Life

eldest child, who, while Mrs. T. was draping the suit, had clambered into a porch swing and skidded off same on his face.

"A decision was rendered that the trip to Canton would have to be made without him, owing to the number of splinters that had parked in his face, and the disreputable looking condition of his wearing apparel. Inasmuch as that ticket of your issue, No. 7,027, etc., was bought to ensure his passage to Canton, and was not used by him for the reasons stated above, same was returned to you for refund.

"Trusting the information herein contained will assist you in making an adjustment, I am,

"Yours very truly,

"C. E. THOMPSON."

He got his refund.

WHEN they were building the Galt, Preston and Hespeler Railway, Mike Sullivan had charge of the construction work as foreman. The gangs were unloading some rails from flat-cars, and when they were made empty, no trainman being within sight, Mike, who was a hustler, rather than that the work should be delayed, decided to make the coupling himself. This was the day of the pin and link coupler, happily done away with many years ago. Mike signalled the engineer of the little "dinky" steam-engine ahead. The engine stopped a short distance from the first car, when with one hand Mike gave a "go ahead" signal, while with the other he gripped the pin and shouted,

Rail Life

"Come ahead a futt!" As the engine moved forward, his fingers got caught between the head of the pin and the deadwood, and waving frantically with the other hand he shouted, "Go back a moile."

THE business men of Calgary, Alberta, started an organization in 1912 having for its object the rapid development of that growing young city as a manufacturing and distributing centre. It was called the Calgary Industrial and Development Bureau. The Secretary carried on a voluminous correspondence with all sorts of business concerns in Eastern Canada and the United States with a view to inducing them to move their plants to Calgary, or at least to establish branches there. A sub-committee, under the chairmanship of E. M. Saunders, met at a weekly luncheon at the Rathskellar, when the Secretary read the correspondence and received instructions as to what replies he was to make. Some of the letters struck one of the members as somewhat absurd, so he addressed a communication to the Secretary something like the following:

THE GLASS EYE AND WOODEN LEG, LTD.

"Chicago, Ill., Aug. 15th, 1912.

"Dear Sir:—

"Our Company is engaged in the manufacture of glass eyes and wooden legs, commodities the demand for which is increasing by leaps and bounds. We supply the trade in Canada, the United States and Mexico. Our

Rail Life

present quarters are somewhat cramped and we are contemplating moving to Western Canada so that we may have room for the expansion of our fast growing business. We have read your circular and the accompanying literature claiming that Calgary is unequalled as a site for manufactories of every kind. It appeals to us, but before reaching any decision we should like to be advised:

"(A). If Calgary would be prepared to grant us a free site not subject to taxation.

"(B). The car-load rate on siliceous sand, Redcliffe to Calgary.

"(C). The rates on glass eyes, both car-load and in smaller quantities, Calgary to Mexico, to Eastern Canada, and to Eastern U. S. points.

"(D). The same information for wooden legs.

"(E). What further inducements your City Council would be prepared to offer our Company.

"The site would need to be located on the Bow River, as we would want to float the logs to be used in the manufacture of artificial legs down to our plant from the forests on the eastern slopes of the mountains, and we would need at least twenty acres in order that clients having new legs applied on the premises might have plenty of room in which to try them out and exercise them.

"Our eyes are to be most penetrating and attractive, giving the wearer an air that is quite distingué. Arrangements might be made so as to illuminate them at night with some suitable advertisement engraved upon them, such as 'Keep your eye on Calgary!' or 'Eyes front! Watch Calgary grow;' And our legs are to be so shapely that many people of both sexes will gladly have their primitive, corporeal legs amputated and our more picturesque limbs substituted. Some judicious advertising might also be arranged. We suggest, 'No more

Rail Life

Corns, Chilblains or Cold Feet if you wear Our Legs!
or 'On my Last Legs, made in Calgary!'

"An early reply to this letter is solicited."

Mr. W. M. Davidson, of the *Morning Albertan*, being a member of the committee, obtained this letter and published it without comment on the front page of his paper. One of the Canadian Pacific officers in Winnipeg, whose duties had to do with new industries on the line, upon reading this article, proceeded to Calgary and asked the General Superintendent there if he had seen it, and when answered in the affirmative said, "What do you think of it? Do you imagine it to be nothing but a joke?"

Porter.—"Which way does yuh wan to sleep, sah? Haid fust or feet fust?"

Passenger.—"Well, if it makes no difference, I think I'll sleep all over at the same time."

THERE was a temporary stoppage of traffic between Toronto and Havelock one day when Frank Brady, who was at that time Divisional Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific, and later General Manager of the Canadian Government Railways, was travelling from Smith's Falls to Toronto. A number of west-bound freights were occupying the main track, the last one of which was in charge of Conductor William

Rail Life

Mitchell. The dispatcher had been duly informed of the trouble, and Mitchell was depending upon him to provide protection for the rear of his train.

Brady arrived on a hand-car, and, discovering that Mitchell had not sent a man out to protect with a flag, gave Billy thirty days' suspension. Next day, when giving an account of the occurrence in the West Toronto yard office, Billy said, "Th' main thrack was blocked roight enough, an' I was a'settin' on th' van stheps as happy as ye plase, whin 'long comes Braddy an' give me thurty days fer not havin' a flag out, an' shure there be out alridy as many flags as whin Admir'l Dewey tuck Manilla."

HOW much does yuh charge fer a ticket fer Florence?" asked a colored mammy of the ticket-clerk on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. After spending some time looking through his time-tables, the man informed her that he could find no such place as Florence, and asked her to tell him where it was. "Oh," replied the old mammy, "Florence ain't no place; Florence is my daughtah. Dat's her a'settin on dat bench. How much yuh chahge fer a ticket fer her?"

"FARE!" The passenger gave no heed. "Fare, please!" Still the passenger was oblivious. "By the ejaculatory term 'Fare,' " said the conductor, "I imply

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no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blonde you observe in the contiguous seat, nor even to the quality of the service vouchsafed by this philanthropic corporation. I merely allude, in a manner perhaps lacking in delicacy, but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this car, and suggest that you liquidate." At this point the passenger emerged from his trance.

THE TRAIN DE LUXE.

THE man who writes the railroad ads has got no lead-pipe cinch,
His job is one at which a master plumber well might flinch;
He goes to bed at two a.m. to dream of ads he wrote,
And when he wakes the critics howl and try to get his goat;
But if it be required that he, in pure Byronic rhyme,
Shall write his ads he'll truly have a dickens of a time—
If all his duties he performs both pleasantly and well,
He's lucky if he long remains outside a padded cell.
His topics range from semaphores to manicures on trains,
For railroad words to rhyme he sits and racks his throbbing brains,
And envies much the hoboes stealing rides upon the trucks,
As he proceeds to tell in verse the R.R. train de luxe.

Rail Life

For husbands there's a clubroom; for wives a social
hall—

A valet and a ladies' maid are at your beck and call;
Stenographer for business men, a barber shop and
bath—

The train is one of luxury, it's route a sunny path:
Midst orange groves, past snow-capped peaks, through
canons grim and grand,

To where the blue Pacific foams upon it's golden strand,
Back in the observation end you loll in ease and gaze
Upon ten thousand wonders, in wide-eyed, awed amaze;
Oil-burning locomotives, too, being used to minimize
The risk of gritty cinders locating in your eyes.

It's easy to write poetry on dells and babbling brooks,
But you must be some poet to find rhymes for trains de
luxe.

The locomotive hurls apace—a monster autocratic,
Electrically guarded by block signals automatic;
The porter calls you promptly—on your wants he's keep-
ing tally;

Your suit's pressed by the barber, who's a tailor and a
valet;

You take your morning "shower," then you stroll into
the diner

Where your breakfast's served in manner that no mon-
arch could have finer;

A pair of honeymooners come and take the table next
you—

You recall their prattle later, though it really never vexed
you;

So pleased with all the comforts that these trains de
luxe afford you,

Their post-connubial chatter never for a moment bored
you.

Rail Life

You admired his fond devotion to his "tootsey" and his
"ducksy,"
And approved her whispered comment: "George, I love
these trains de luxury."

ONE day Mr. J. H. Ashdown, Mayor of Winnipeg and highly successful hardware merchant there, stepped into the office of W. B. Lanigan when he was Assistant Freight Traffic Manager of the Canadian Pacific Western Lines. "Jimmy," as everyone called Mr. Ashdown behind his back, although a strictly honorable man, was not always the most agreeable man to do business with, and notwithstanding that Billy understood him perfectly well and knew how to handle him, at times he found it hard to control his Celtic temperament, especially when some concession was being insisted upon which Billy thought no one was entitled to. On this particular day the argument was being carried on as the two men stood looking out of the window at a gang with horses, plows and scrapers working on the rough ground, preparing it for the beautiful garden which for so many years now has been the admiration and delight of thousands of people. Ashdown wanted to know what they were doing outside and was told of the plans to beautify the station surroundings. "But," added Billy, "entirely against my judgment and advice, however." "Indeed?" said his visitor, "what better disposition could be made of the ground? What was your recommenda-

Rail Life

tion?" And Billy replied, "I wanted them to erect a statue of the present Mayor of Winnipeg. Had they done so I would have kept a basket of rotten eggs on hand, and whenever I felt as I do now I'd throw up the window and peg away at him."

Conductor—That child looks more than three years old?

Mother—I know he does; but that child has had lots of trouble in his time.

WALTER MILLER, the Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific at Nelson, B.C., the philosopher of the Western Lines, was never known to speak disparagingly of a living soul, and while he is not entirely blind to the faults of his fellows, he covers them with a cloak of charity. Moreover, he extends this fine trait of his to embrace even inanimate objects.

One day a certain engine, of what is known as the D-6 type, was being roundly condemned by some of the officers. If all that the master mechanic and the trainmaster said about it was true, then that particular locomotive was afflicted with every disease known to exist amongst iron horses. But Walter, who "sees good in everything," was unwilling to listen any longer without entering a protest, so he remarked: "Well, as you all know, I have seen a great many engines in my time, and while I must admit the 558 would not be my choice for the President's special,

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for instance, I don't believe I ever knew an engine to have a better sounding bell than the same 558 about which you are finding so much fault."

JIMMY FRENCH was Sir William Van Horne's faithful porter on the private car "Saskatchewan," and Jimmy was a character. One day, down at St. John, en route to Sydney, Cape Breton, a couple of newspaper reporters unceremoniously rushed into the car seeking an interview and met Jimmy.

"Where's Sir William, and where is he going?"

"Don' you peoples know that a privat' cah's a man's house, and you wouldn't go into a gentleman's house without rappin', now, would ya?" indignantly demanded Jimmy.

The reporters mollified him, and then Jimmy enlightened them; "Don' know where Sir William is, but I do know he's goin' down fishin' to Great Britain."

Another time when Hon. Edward Blake, who had been retained by the Company in an important case in British Columbia, accompanied Sir William in his car to the Pacific Coast, Jimmy, whose ordinary language was somewhat lurid, had been warned not to use any cuss words in Mr. Blake's presence, as he was a very religious man and abhorred profanity. All went well until at a divisional point in the west the car was being watered. By some accident the water went the wrong way, and instead of filling the tanks, deluged Jimmy,

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who thereupon broke out in a violent torrent of abuse and consigned the culprit to the lowest depths of the sultry place where, they say, there is eternal punishment. The air was blue. Being overheard, he was taken to task for his pyrotechnic language and ordered by Sir William to apologize to Mr. Blake. Jimmy was in a bad fix, and thought thoughts, but didn't go near Mr. Blake. Finally he was commanded to apologize, and he went meekly to Mr. Blake and penitently began the apology:

"I'm sorry, Mistah Blake, that I swore and cussed as I did, an' I've gotta 'pologize; but ye see, Mistah Blake, that blankety, blank son of a black, blank his blank eyes, soaked me good an' hard wif' his blankety blank ol' water an'—"

But he got no further, for Mr. Blake, convulsed with laughter, said it was all right. And Jimmy told me afterwards that it was a hell of an apology.

—From *Reminiscences of a Raconteur*, by GEORGE H. HAM.
(The Musson Book Co., Limited, Toronto).

TWO Canadian Pacific officers, one from Winnipeg and the other from Montreal, were due in New York on a certain day to attend a meeting of passenger men. Billy Snell intended to arrive from Montreal one day later than George Jay expected to reach there from Winnipeg, but managed to get there twenty-four hours ahead of time, and sometime during the morn-

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ing he called George on the telephone and, disguising his voice, as he could well do, the following dialogue took place:

Snell:—"Is that Mr. George Jay, of Winnipeg?"

Jay:—"Yes."

Snell:—"Well, Mr. Jay, this is Police Headquarters. We have a wire from the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, asking us to hunt you up and to collect an account for your accommodation there."

Jay:—"That's mighty strange! I paid my bill in Toronto."

Snell:—"Now, Mr. Jay, are you quite sure you paid it? They say some rather uncomplimentary things about you."

Jay:—" (Getting very angry). "Of course I paid it. What kind of a geezer do you take me for, anyway? I paid by cheque and can show you the stub."

Snell:—"Well, that wouldn't prove anything, you know. I'd suggest you take a taxi and come down to the office so that we may talk the matter over."

Jay:—"All right, I'll go down at once, and will take pleasure in telling you a thing or so when I get there."

The first man he ran into after discharging the taxi opposite the Police Station door was his friend Snell, but he was in such a towering rage that he expressed no surprise at seeing him in New York. Instead he immediately launched into an account of the conversation he had had with somebody in Police

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Headquarters, whose block he'd like to knock off. At first Billy sympathized with him, but the more he did the more angry George became. Billy had then to make his confession, but George, being a good sport, enjoyed the joke and now tells it to his friends with great glee.

WRITTEN IN THE EARLY DAYS OF RAILWAYS.

LAY down your rails, ye nations, near and far;
Yoke your full trains to Steam's triumphal car;
Link town to town, and in their iron bands
Unite the strange and oft embattled lands;
Peace and Improvement round each train shall soar,
And Knowledge light the Ignorance of yore.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

DAVID McNICOLL and James W. Leonard were like David and Jonathan in their friendship, and a stranger listening to their conversation would have some difficulty in determining which was the Vice-President and which the General Manager. The latter had jurisdiction over the Western Lines of the Canadian Pacific, and was accompanying the Vice-President on a trip over his territory. Ernie Hall, Mr. McNicoll's private secretary, was taking some shorthand notes from the Chief, when, during a lull

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in the work, Mr. Leonard asked Hall if there were any headache powders in the car, as he had a beastly headache, and he had seen Ernie taking one the day before. "How is it," asked Mr. McNicoll, "that I never have a headache?" and much to the Old Man's amusement he received the reply, "Oh, you have to have brains to have a headache!"

AN Irishman, having just landed in the United States, got a position on the New York Central as a crossing flagman. One day the "Empire State" came along about twenty minutes late. The flagman held out his red signal and stopped the train. The engineer jumped off, very much angered, and demanded to know what he meant by holding him up when he must have known that he was twenty minutes late already, and received the reply, "That's jist what I wantered for to know, where have yiz fellows bin fer the last twinty minits?"

BURDETTE AND THE RELIGIOUS BRAKEMAN.

ON the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger fast asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "General Grant's Tour

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Round the World," and wondering why Green's August Flower should be printed above the doors of a "Buddhist Temple at Benares," to me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more, "and what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church?" I hazarded.

"Naw," he said, "I don't like to run on those branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and \$2.00 extra for a seat; fast time and stop at the big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All trainmen in uniform; conductor's punch and lamp silver-plated, and no train-boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace car. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it too."

"Universalist?" I guessed.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a

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pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all stations and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the trainmen don't get along well with the passengers. No, I didn't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman; "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through the mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade, passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for or you can't get on at all. When the car's full no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't hear of an accident on that road, it's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman; "dirt roadbed, and no ballast, no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please, and get off when you want to. Don't

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have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir; I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. 'Don't you know, sir,' I asked a Division Superintendent, 'where that road runs to?' and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the General Superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you are shouting," he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engineers carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows 100, and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard!' you can hear him to the next station. Every train-lamp shines like a headlight. Stop-over checks given on all through tickets; pas-

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sengers can drop off the train as often as they like, do the stations two or three days, and hop on the revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't any road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?" I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too, one of the very oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with divisional superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. See, didn't one of the divisional superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on the line two or three years ago? But it is a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast; single track all the way and not a side-track from the round-house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops

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that can pull a pound or run a mile without two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections, and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but paid my fare like a little man—25 cents for an hour's run, and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road when you want"—But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and a brakeman hurried to the door, shouting: "Zionville! This train makes no stop between here and Indianapolis."

THE "Made in Canada" train was on exhibition on the Canadian Pacific tracks at the Place Viger station, Montreal, and Superintendent Tom Collins went to see it, accompanied by Roadmaster Kirkland. There were a great many stunning looking Parisians of military bearing with the train. Tom knew how proud Kirk was of his ability to discourse in the French language, so he asked him if he supposed that these gentlemen from France would understand the kind of French he spoke. "Of course they would," said Kirk,

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"any darn fool would undersand it." After a good deal of argument Kirk was induced to attempt to prove it by addressing in French a tall, aristocratic looking gentleman, who, to judge by his appearance, might have served with distinction in the late war with the rank of major-general. The latter, however, entirely ignoring Kirk's complimentary speech, and eyeing him in a puzzled way, remarked in choice Cockney dialect, "Oh! I say, can you tell me oo in th' bludyell looks awfter the 'lectric lights 'ere?"

"PARDON me, madam, but your girl looks to me to be more than twelve years old," said the conductor.

"Would you take me to be the mother of a girl that age?" coily asked the mother.

"Madam," replied the conductor, "don't tell me you are her grandmother!"

WHEN the serious railroad strike occurred in and about Chicago many years ago, one of the roads advertised for locomotive engineers to take the place of those on strike. This advertisement came to the notice of an old chap who was running a saw-mill engine up in the woods of Wisconsin. He was receiving one dollar per day and his board, and five dollars per day offered by the railroad looked particularly alluring. He reasoned to himself that an engine was an engine, and

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that a man who could keep one going in a lumber camp would have little difficulty in handling one on wheels. So he packed up his meagre belongings and lit out for the office of the Master Mechanic in Chicago.

"What road have you ever worked on?" queried the Master Mechanic, when the old man made his application.

"On the Wisconsin Central," was the reply, this being the name of the road that ran by the saw-mill.

"All right," responded the Master Mechanic, "you go down to the round-house and report for duty, telling the locomotive foreman that I sent you."

In due time he reported for duty, and the locomotive foreman told him to get right to work by "running that engine over there into the round-house." The old man mounted the eight-wheeler, opened the throttle, and with a snort the engine raced across the turntable and into the yawning doorway of the engine-house. Old Whiskers was unprepared for so much alacrity on the part of the locomotive, and was pretty badly scared. However, he managed to reverse her just in time to avert going through the end wall, and soon he emerged into the daylight again. Then, throwing the lever into forward gear, he entered the house the second time only to come reeling back again into the open after barely escaping a second time a collision with the wall. The locomotive foreman was watching the performance with mingled amazement and indignation, and as he passed over the turntable for the

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fourth time he shouted, "Here, you blankety blank old hayseed, why in h—— don't you house that locomotive?"

Sticking his head out of the cab window, old Whiskers retorted with equal indignation, "I gotter in twice already, you gol-darn fool. Why the devil didn't you shut the door?"

—*Chicago Record.*

ACCORDING to Dick Smith, who was Master Mechanic at Medicine Hat about 1912, if the locomotive foreman at Swift Current got his hair cut and his whiskers trimmed along about October or November it was a sure sign that we were going to have an open winter for railroading.

SOME years ago, when W. R. Callaway was General Passenger Agent of the Soo Line, he dropped into a store in Chicago one day to buy a Panama hat. Bill in those days usually wore a tail coat, and with his white hair, large expressive brown eyes and big frame, was a striking figure. After selecting a fine twenty dollar hat that suited him, he asked the salesman if it was customary to make any reduction to the "cloth." Upon consulting the proprietor he was told that five dollars would be knocked off. The hat was settled for when Bill, who was then wearing it, said, "How do

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you think it suits me?" The salesman thought nothing could be more becoming. "Do you think my congregation will like it?" was the next question, and when he was assured that they should be delighted with it, Bill said, "Well, you know, I don't give a d—— whether they are or not."

GEORGE HAM was one of a party of Canadian Pacific officers who were discussing some disagreeable happening on the road, one that was particularly disconcerting to everybody. They left the office together, continuing the discussion as they walked towards the Club where they were to have luncheon, when George relieved the tension by accosting a blind beggar with the question, "My good friend, will you kindly let me know if you are prepared to accept American money at par?"

THE SONG OF STEEL

FROM the Athabasca basin to the southern border
plains,
Where the prairie flowers and grasses bloom with countless
suns and rains;
From the silent mountain passes to the lone Keewatin
trails,
They are breaking Nature's slumbers with the music of
the rails.

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Over mountain crag and torrent; through the forest dells
and brakes;
Over leagues of treeless hinterland around the mighty
lakes;
Sons of Vulcan! Hear them swinging through the vast-
ness into space!
Hear the rhythmic sledges ringing out their welcome to
a Race!

From the Old World's human maelstrom to the New
World's realm of peace,
Where the prairie skyline beckons and the wars of Mam-
mon cease;
Human eyes are turned with longing—human hopes are
circling high,
As the steel-tongued heralds carol to the wild-rose and
the sky.

Like the thrush when day is dying—or the lark when
day is young,
Are the matins and the vespers of the ribboned pathways
sung;
Wake, thou virgin prairies, wake! and greet the heroes
of thy dream,
Hear the bridal song of Industry—the hymn of Rail and
Steam.

Yield thy gifts, O Land of Promise! Homeless millions
turn to thee;
Chains of poverty are broken and the bondsman shall be
free;
Through the trackless void we're coming, with the morn-
ing star o'erhead,
World-old prayers and tears we'll answer with an ava-
lanche of Bread!

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Where the bison made his wallow, and the Indian tepees
passed;
Where the tardy sons of Empire conquer first and har-
vest last;
Hear the vibrant rails go whispering in their paths from
sea to sea,
Singing Hope, and Peace, and Plenty—for the Canada
to be.

C. BUXTON.

—From *American Lyrics*. (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

WHEN Bob Larmour was an officer in the Claims Department of the Canadian Pacific in Winnipeg he had a bright young office boy, who, however, was most careless, and in fact dirty, in his personal habits. One morning he arrived at the office with some of his breakfast smeared over his chin and cheek. Bob was prepared to wager that he knew what the lad had had for breakfast, and the boy intimating that he was willing to risk the sum of twenty-five cents, Bob suggested eggs, when the boy replied, "You lose, Mister, it was yesterday morning I had the eggs."

AN ungainly raw-boned Rube, with new-mown hay in his whiskers, approached the information desk at the Windsor Street Station, Montreal, and said, "Say, Mister, when does the train stairt fer Burrits?" The dapper clerk in white uniform replied, "At 4.15 p.m." "Oh, that's somewares araound fifteen after four, I

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reckon?" "Yes, quarter past four." About an hour afterward he called around again, when the same questions and answers were exchanged. The clerk said, "See here, did not you ask for the same information a short time ago?" "Oh, yes, I came in then 'cause I wanted to know fer meself, but now I'm trying ter find out fer another feller."

"**S**AY, Jimmie, what has become of that English chap Percival who tried to exist upon remittances from his aristocratic parents, which rarely ever materialized?"

"Oh, didn't you hear of his good luck?"

"No, what was it?"

"Well, you've seen that fellow down at the railway station who goes around the cars tapping the wheels and listening, haven't you?"

"Yes, what about him?"

"Well, Percy helps him. He's been appointed assistant listener."

THE General Superintendent on one of his periodical rounds tied up for the night at Estevan, Sask. In the evening as they were passing through the engine-house they observed that two young coyote pups were tied up in a corner of the house, and Charlie Temple, now the Chief of Motive Power and Rolling Stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway, asked Ted Hollo-

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way, the foreman, for one of the pups to take home for his little girl to play with. The request was readily granted, and it was arranged that Ted should bring it to the car in the morning. When he arrived the occupants were at breakfast, and Ted came in at the other end of the car pulling the pup by a chain. As he was securing it in the kitchen there was some sharp barking and snapping, and Charlie shouted, "Will he bite, Ted?" "He won't bite after he gets to know you," was the response, and immediately Tim Riordan, the roadmaster, asked, "And how often will he bite before he gets to know ye?"

LONG, slim, red-headed Pat Barney was the roadmaster in charge of the Canadian Pacific terminals at Winnipeg in 1907. Pat always saw to it that his men had no misgivings as to who was the boss. He had a raw bunch of about fifty Galicians digging a ditch for a pipe line. They were just breaking ground, and all were facing the same direction in a straight line, and apparently working satisfactorily. John T. Arundel, the Superintendent, came along just at this time, and greatly to his amazement he saw Pat start at one end and proceed all the way down the line, giving each man a vigorous kick on that part of his anatomy generally considered as specially designed by nature for the reception of such discipline. Having finished the job to his entire satisfaction, he turned

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around and was surprised and somewhat flustered to see his Superintendent scanning him with a puzzled expression. Arundel wanted to know what all the trouble was, and Pat gave him the preposterous answer: "Aw, Mr. Arundel, they're an awful ignorant squad, they are; sure they don't even know their own language!"

WHEN the marvellous air-brake invention of George Westinghouse was a new thing, and before it had been brought to anything like its present state of perfection, the Credit Valley Railway passenger trains were being equipped with the necessary fixings in the order of their importance. Arthur Phipps was the engineer on the little "jerkwater" run between Streetsville Junction and Orangeville, and one day he pulled his train out of the former point fully equipped with the new device. The stop at Meadowvale, the first station, was of short duration, but at Brampton, where the next stop was made, there was some commercial baggage to be handled, and while this was being done, Jack Rundle, the conductor, a man of few words but of a dry humor, sauntered up to the front end to hear Arthur's comment upon the substitution of "air" for "muscle." He was greeted with "Say, Jack, what do you think of it?" and Jack replied, "It's the best thing I ever saw, as everytime you stop the train the passengers are all up at the front ends of the cars ready to get off."

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THE fussy station-master of a small village near Edinburgh found one night a fellow-countryman standing nonchalantly smoking, with his feet half over the edge of the platform.

"Don't you know that the Edinburgh express is passing here directly at sixty miles an hour?" said the station-master. "Come back, come back!"

The other slowly turned his head, and, taking his pipe out of his mouth, replied, "You're awfy feered for your train!"

WHEN George Spencer, the Chief Officer of the Board of Railway Commissioners, was a night train dispatcher on the Canadian Pacific, the headquarters of the Ontario District was at 112 King St. West, Toronto. Directly opposite the office Mr. George W. Coleman had a bakery and confectionery establishment, with living apartments on the third floor. At night the blinds were always up, and the head of the business, clad in a long white nightshirt, used to sit in an easy chair until about two o'clock in the morning, presumably waiting for the bread batter to rise.

Spencer, with G. Wakeford and M. Hinchy—the other dispatchers who were on the night shift with him—longed to startle Coleman and watch him make a rush to the street door. So one morning they decided to drop the end of a long string through a window down to the street, so that Wakeford might go

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down and attach it to Coleman's door-bell. Wakeford exacted a promise from his fellow-conspirators not to start operations before he returned to the office, but when the string was secured to the bell the temptation to begin was irresistible and George and Mike began ringing vociferously. They enjoyed Wakeford's antics on the quiet, deserted street as he endeavored to find a safe place of concealment even more than the agitation and agility of Coleman. By the time the latter reached the door the cord had been snapped and no one ever heard what Coleman had to say, but after Wakeford had emerged from his hiding-place and returned to the office there was no difficulty in hearing his comments and no doubt as to the opinion he entertained of his confederates.

THIS story has done duty in many localities throughout the United States and Canada, and numerous section-foremen and prominent railway officials have been credited with being the principals. In relating the incident here no names will be used and no offence will then be given.

The General Superintendent dismounted from his private car and walked down the track to where the gang were renewing ties. They had finished the work on the piece of track over which he had to travel in order to reach the foreman. As luck would have it, on his way he found a track spike, and when he got within hailing distance of the foreman he shouted,

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"How often must you be told not to leave any scrap material scattered over the right-of-way? Look at this spike which I have just picked up." "Well, ef that don't bate all!" the foreman exclaimed, and then waving vigorously to the gang of ten men he shouted, "Come here, the hull ov yez; here's this dum spike we hunted fer all yisterday afthernoon an' cudden foind ut, but the Giniral Sooprintindint have jest found ut! Shure ut's you, sorr, what has the aygle oye!"

WHEN Mr. McNicoll was Passenger Traffic Manager of the Canadian Pacific he was required to appear before the Interstate Commerce Commission in connection with a differential on the through rates on passenger traffic between the east and the west. In order to prepare the case for the Company he gathered an immense quantity of data and went off on a lake trip, where he could work without interruption, and so thoroughly did he succeed in mastering every detail in connection with the case that his presentation before the Commission won unstinted praise from the Commissioners. While he was developing his argument, quoting rate upon rate without any reference to notes, one of them was so impressed that he interrupted to ask the irrelevant question, "Mr. McNicoll, where did the Canadian Pacific get you from?" and received the reply, "They absorbed the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, originally a little narrow gauge railroad between Toronto and Owen Sound, Ontario, and took me over

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with the rest of the collateral." Another of the Commissioners, following the argument very closely, wanted to make a comparison between the existing rates from a certain point in the east to another point in the west as shown in the tariff of both the American lines and the Canadian Pacific, and put his question thus: "Mr. McNicoll, what would the C.P.R. charge me for a ticket from Chicago to San Francisco?" and like a shot came the reply, "Not a dom cent!"

ARTEMUS WARD was travelling on a Southern railway, one not noted for the speed of its trains. This day the engineer seemed oblivious of the passage of time. The passengers opened a fusillade of witty comments on the service. One facetious individual declared that he had established the fact that the train was really moving. "I have had my eye on a signboard," he said, "and could see that either it or the train was moving, and signboards as a rule are less mobile than trains." At length Artemus Ward, approaching the conductor in a deferential manner, asked if passengers were allowed to make suggestions to the Management of the road. "Oh, yes," said the conductor, "what have you to suggest?" "Well," replied Ward, "I think it would be a good idea to transfer the cow-catcher from the front of the engine to the back of the coach, for at the rate we are now running there is no mortal hope of our ever catching a cow, while there's nothing to prevent a cow climbing into the car and biting the passengers!"

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WHEN Mr. Fred D. Underwood was General Manager of the Soo Line, he named two stations, Rudyard and Kipling, after Kipling, whose works he greatly admired, and wrote the author about his Michigan namesakes. Kipling replied by sending him a cabinet photograph with the following lines inscribed upon the back:

"Wise is the child who knows his sire"
The ancient proverb ran,
But wiser far the man who knows
How, where and when his offspring grows—
For who the mischief would suppose
I've sons in Michigan?

Yet am I saved from midnight ills
That warp the soul of man;
They do not make me walk the floor,
Nor hammer at the doctor's door—
'They deal in wheat and iron-ore,
My sons in Michigan.

Oh! Tourist in the Pullman car
(By Cook's or Raymond's plan),
Forgive a parent's partial view,
But maybe you have children, too,
So let me introduce to you
My sons in Michigan.

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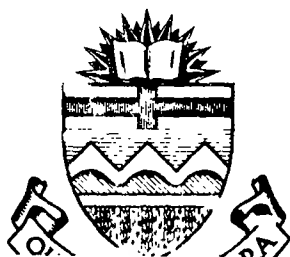
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